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Father Coleridge.

THE English Province of the Society of Jesus has lost, in this early part of eighteen hundred and ninety-three, no less than three veterans distinguished in their various lines of work. The first struck down by death, and on the very first day of the year, was Father George R. Kingdon, aged seventy-three, known and honoured for considerably more than a quarter of a century as Prefect of Studies, first at Stonyhurst and afterwards at Beaumont—a classical scholar of the Cambridge type, a man of remarkable diligence, method, and accuracy, widely known, esteemed, and loved. He was soon followed by Father James Jones, a profound and subtle moral theologian, who had occupied the chair of Moral at St. Beuno's for many years, and, after holding the posts of Rector and Provincial, was elected English Assistant of Father General in the recent General Congregation of the Society at Loyola, where, to the regret of all members of the Society, and of many others who valued his judgment as a moralist, he died of typhoid fever about the middle of the month of January. And now, during the past month, the grave has closed over the mortal remains of FATHER HENRY JAMES COLERIDGE, the activity of whose busy career was brought almost to a close three years since by a stroke of paralysis, from which he never fully recovered.

Father Coleridge had the advantage of bearing a name already illustrious throughout this century, and standing high, not only in the legal profession, but at the Universities and in various departments of literature. Nor was he unworthy of his race. A finished scholar, a thoroughly refined English gentleman, a most painstaking and industrious student, above all a man of strong religious principle, of great personal holiness made amiable by the tenderness of his piety, hidden though his life was, he has for many years exercised an influence as wide as we hope it will be permanent. We have no intention of attempting in our present issue a sketch of his career or

detailed appreciation of his work. That is reserved for our June number. We merely desire to pay him without delay the tribute of affectionate respect which is his due. The loving remembrance of him in the religious community of which he was so long a prominent member will not easily die out. His unobtrusive yet constant exercise of the sacred ministry at Farm Street has endeared him to great numbers of Catholics, who have either profited by his wise and practical advice as a director, or been stimulated to progress in piety by his thoughtful and instructive sermons and meditations.

But his labours have a most special claim to prompt and grateful recognition in this Review, of which, though not the absolute originator, he was practically the founder, as he first took it over on behalf of the Society, becoming its first Jesuit Editor and remaining so for more than fifteen years. His memory is held in affectionate reverence by those who worked with him and under him for his patience and gentleness, as well as for his sound judgment and literary skill. Of the ability with which he discharged his office and of the value of his own contributions to the pages of *THE MONTH*, it is not for us to speak. The reading public are the court from which there is no appeal. He also for some years conducted the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* with conspicuous success.

The Apostolic work of Father Coleridge was, however, by no means confined to the pulpit, the confessional, and the periodical press. In the midst of work which would exhaust the energies of most men he managed with admirable tenacity of purpose and persistent husbanding of his time to carry on what has been well styled "the Apostleship of Good Books." The Quarterly Series, which has rendered no insignificant service in this direction, was not only projected by him, but successfully carried on down to the 78th volume of the Series, and of this number a very large proportion were the product of his pen. Besides such valuable biographies as those of St. Francis Xavier and St. Teresa, the Life of our Lord in twenty volumes is at once a monument of his patient and loving industry, an exhibition of intense personal devotion to the Sacred Humanity and Divinity of Jesus Christ, and an invaluable treasury of judicious exegesis and practical comment upon His words and works. This work, had it been his only gift to them, should make Father Coleridge's memory dear to English Catholics. It has thrown a flood of light on the

true principles of the Harmony of the Gospels, on their internal structure, and above all on the providential plan followed in the onward march of the manifestations of our Lord, in the unfolding of His moral, doctrinal and ascetical teaching, in the gradual training of His Apostles, and the development of what, with all reverence, may be called His policy in the establishment of His Father's Kingdom. By nearly half a century of patient labour, never losing sight of his purpose, though compelled to intermit from time to time the work of actual composition, Father Coleridge succeeded in bringing out elements of intelligent estimate of our Lord's Life which do not lie on the surface, but form an illuminating background to the pictures drawn for us by each of the four Evangelists.

When to this really great work of Father Coleridge we add the supplementary volumes which like so many satellites attend upon and revolve around it, we find that he has indeed not lived or laboured in vain, but has bequeathed to all English-speaking Catholics a system of teaching concerning our Lord, the records of His Life, and the theological and devotional contemplation of the Divine plan realized therein which does not merely contain treasures of devotion and doctrine, but adds indefinitely to their value by his careful and critical arrangement of the time and order of events.

He was happily spared to complete this great work, and when it was done, there came for him a time of necessary leisure, not indeed free from the suffering which enforced leisure brings to the energetic, but rich in spiritual blessings and solace, which he gratefully acknowledged, until at length the enfeeblement of his mind rendered him happily in great measure unconscious of bodily misery. To the very last he was able to gather together his wandering wits when he wished to approach the sacraments, and especially to compose himself for the devout reception of Holy Communion. Full of years and merits, he has sunk peacefully to rest. His life was always one of calmness and deliberation, and he ended as he lived, realizing the family motto, *Qualis vita, finis ita.*—*R. I. P.*

The Morality of Buddhism.

DR. COPLESTON'S recent work on Buddhism¹ is a notable contribution to the elucidation of this engaging but misty subject. He writes of it in its primitive form and of its subsequent history in Ceylon. The special value of the earlier portion of his book lies in this, that he has chiefly confined his study of Magadha Buddhism to the Tri-pitaka, the earliest record that was ever written or at least that has come down to our times. Thus he excludes as much of the mythical element and of the subsequent variants as possible, and lays hold of the thing itself. His view throughout is sympathetic, he clearly portrays the virtues which the system contains, and is throughout perfectly fair and impartial in his judgments concerning it.

The present article is not intended as a formal review of the Bishop's book, but it is proposed to draw special attention to his estimate of this fascinating Eastern discipline. In an early chapter is set forth the Ideal of Buddhism "sketched almost entirely in terms derived from 'the Sacred Books,'" and though the author does not claim more for this description, than that it is his own impression, formed after a mature study; still, most readers will allow, that it is a subject in which he is a qualified guide. Later on in the work we find a chapter (xv.) of criticism, and here the Bishop gives a general estimate of the moral system of Gotama, pointing out a series of defects, of a negative kind. "Not," he says, "that he wishes to detract from the good impression" made by his exposition of the nobler features which the teaching contains, but he desires that the whole case may be put before his reader. So in these two chapters we have a summary expression of the writer's verdict on the system as a whole: on its virtues and on its defects. The great virtues extolled are two, gentleness and calm; the former

¹ *Buddhism; Primitive and Present in Magadha and Ceylon.* By Richard S. Copleston, D.D., Bishop of Colombo. (Longmans.)

comprises a certain measure of charity, the latter resignation. At an interval after these there enters into the ideal an ingredient of earnestness, endeavour ; and lastly, a virtue called by the writer, "for want of a more exact equivalent," purity ; it is not Christian chastity, but, the calm of the passions.

The defects that have struck the Bishop are the following : The emotions are as far as possible discarded, there is none but a selfish motive for action, there is no sense of duty, the view taken of life is unpractical, there is no hope or enthusiasm, there is no God, no immortality. We must at once notice that Buddhism has, if these charges can be substantiated, no right whatever to the title of religion. No satisfactory definition or derivation can be given to the word religion, which does not involve the two-fold notion of a God and of duty. Thus reduced to the rank of a moral scheme, Buddhism must be tried by its own peers and not brought into a comparison, which can only prove unfair to itself, with the Divine system of Christianity. For the Christian standard containing all Buddhist virtues in their fullest sense cannot bear the reproach of deficiency in one of its defects. To satisfy himself of this, any one, imbued with the true Christian spirit, has only to let his eye run over the two-fold catalogue set forth above.

But even when tried by other human codes of right conduct, whether older than itself, of its own age, or younger, it is found in many points to be inferior. It has, it is true, its own undeniable excellencies. No other mere man has ever formed a truer conception of the empty vanity of the things of earth, nor of the power of an ascetical abstemiousness, than Gotama. And he, perhaps, took the fullest, largest, most human view of loving-kindness, "the glory of Buddhism," as Dr. Copleston names it.¹ Although we allow these virtues, the system must not be judged by them alone ; it must be judged of as a whole. It is not with systems as it is with individual men. Men we may oftentimes judge by the good that is in them, by their best side ; systems must be especially tested by their weakest sides. Thus it is, doubtless, that Dr. Copleston reaches his conclusion : "I cannot, for my part, rank this system, regarded as a theory of human life and action, with the best of those which, apart from Divine revelation, men have formed."² To realize how well founded is this estimate, we will review the defects of Buddhism in the light of a comparison with other human economies, though, for

¹ P. 159.

² P. 216.

the purpose, we will venture to classify these deficiencies in our own way. They are, of course, of very unequal importance as defects. The absence of the notion of a Supreme Lawgiver is the most fatal blemish even when viewed as a polity of morals, and following close upon this is the want of a sense of duty; but these two are reducible to one, for they are inseparable: No God, no duty; or, If a God, then duty or service due. In the second line we place the absence of sanction, for immortality or a future state, which can appeal to men, is denied, and with this we couple the consequent lack of hope. And lastly, we may consider as one a motiveless virtue and an unpractical view of life. This three-fold division, though not clear cut, will serve our purpose, and under it we will contrast the weakness of Buddhism with the strength of other schemes.

(1) The lack of a Supreme Being is, as we have said, fatal to all claim on the part of Buddhism to be a religion, but even when viewed as a human moral system this same want cripples it to total lameness. "Buddhism," says Dr. Copleston, "degrades man by denying that there is any being above him;" what gods there are, are merely gods *en passant*, "ordinary people after life as a Brahma-god descends to human or infra-human births."¹ It is here most necessary to keep in mind that we are dealing with the original, primitive Buddhism. Some of the innumerable schools of after-growth felt and filled the awful void. Thus "the people of Northern India and Central Asia created for themselves a celestial hierarchy and even a real God, which certainly constituted the absolute reverse of Buddhism."² In its first conflict with any other belief, the doctrine of Gotama fought against a religion, which still retained the belief in God. It had indeed become much obscured, and the Brahmans were tinged, if not deeply coloured, with pantheism; still they were the representatives of the system of the Vedas and, as such, of a more ancient creed than Buddhism, a creed which from this our first point of view rears itself above it mountain high. In the earlier development of the Veda Varunna is the one God of the Indians, the Creator of heaven and earth, *the lawgiver* of nature and of men, the judge of all, *the rewarder of good and evil* here and hereafter.³

¹ Note, p. 217.

² De Harlez, *Dublin Review*, July, 1889, p. 67.

³ Cf. Father C. Pesch, S.J., *Gottesbegriff*, and F. C. Cook, *Origin of Religion and Language*, p. 42. The hymns from the Rig-Veda are of his own rendering. (p. 82.)

The supremacy of a single God is beautifully expressed in the oldest hymns of the Rig-Veda :

The wise Aditya's work, the glorious Ruler
Should far exceed all other works in grandeur
The God, the dearest object of all worship,
The mighty Varunna I fain would honour.¹

And the wrong committed even against one's neighbour is sin against Him :

If we have ever wronged a trusting neighbour,
O Varunna, a kinsman or a brother,
A member of our household or a stranger,
O Varunna, all this ill-doing pardon.

If we with dice as is the way of gamblers,
Or unawares or knowingly have cheated,
As from a loosened chain, from this guilt free us ;
To Varunna may we be dear as ever.²

But not only in India had such a belief sway; the systems which prevailed in all lands, of which we have record earlier than the sixth century before Christ, equally owned a God, the lawgiver and the judge. Prof. de Harlez bears witness to China: "The first Chinese tribes, from their appearance on the scene of history, professed a belief in one God, Sovereign Lord (Shang-ti) of the Universe—Master of the earth and empires, *the very principle of justice and all morality*, the Supreme Master of man on whom He imposes *His laws*, the Avenger of injustice and the *Distributor of rewards due to goodness*." It is, by the way, well worthy of note that the same century, the sixth B.C., which saw the first rise and early development of Greek philosophy, is that which is generally assigned to Laotze and Confucius, to Zoroaster and Gotama. All these so-called religious reformers aimed a more or less wilful blow at what was still left of a pure faith amongst the peoples of their time, yet not one made so clean a sweep of the first principle as Gotama. All others but he strove to retain a profound sense of duty in the minds of men. Thus the Avesta inculcates the duty owed to Ahura Mazda ; and Prof. Geldner,³ speaking of the Parsees, whose sacred book it is, assures us that, "no religion has so clearly grasped the ideas of guilt and merit. On the works of men here below a strict reckoning will be held in Heaven." And the Greeks, long after the notion of the Oneness

¹ Mandala, ii. 28.

² Mandala, v. 8.

³ *Enc. Brit.* Ninth Edit. "Zoroaster."

of God was lost, were still influenced by Divine motives: "Religion had a considerable moral force. The connection in the age of Homer between duty on the one side and religious belief and reverence on the other is well seen. . . . The idea of sin, considered as an offence against the Divine order, has by no means been effaced from the circle of moral ideas in Homer."¹ This was true of the pre-philosophic age, and then, their wisest thinkers again and again based their moral speculations in the belief in an only God. This appears in the early schools of Ionia as in that of Pythagoras till it finds its grandest expression in the mouth of Plato. "Man's Supreme Good in the objective order," says Dr. Stöckl,² reviewing the philosophy of Plato, "is the 'idea of the good,' and as this is one with God, it follows that man must find his supreme good in God. . . . Man must therefore endeavour to rise to God, and find his chief good in Him. Subjectively considered, the chief good of man is Happiness. The basis of happiness is the assimilation of man with God. . . . In the knowledge and love of God, as the Supreme Good, consists the supreme happiness of man. *The means by which man must reach his highest happiness in God is virtue.*" Or to quote this sublime thinker's own words: "We should strive to fly from the evil of the world; the flight consists in as far as possible being made like to God, and this 'being made like,' consists in becoming just and holy, with thought accompanying."³ This is the highest point attained to by unaided man, beside it Buddhism is dwarfed into insignificance; it truly grovels where Platonism soars: "There is much in Buddhist moral theory," says Dr. Copleston,⁴ "which may be contrasted favourably with parts of the Greek standard; but when one turns from the Suttas to an utterance of Socrates one feels as if one had escaped from some of those gloomy passages, which Plato describes, within the earth, to drive among the chariots of the gods along the open crest of heaven, catching sight, if only for a moment, of the eternal truths and feeling the capacities of immortality."

(2) We may now pass on to this question of immortality. We hold that it is necessary as a moral sanction. Its very necessity has, in fact, always been used as a philosophical argument of its truth; in it, for instance, Dr. James Martineau⁵

¹ Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, *Juv. Mundi*, p. 387.

² *History of Philosophy*, p. 90. Finlay's Trans.

³ Plato, *Theætetus*, p. 176.

⁴ Op. cit. p. 214.

⁵ *Study of Religion*, vol. ii.

finds, "the presiding reasons, which give the casting vote" for immortality. Now, Buddhism proposes "as man's final goal and aim, extinction or Nirvana"¹ though it is true that "here as in many other points, the necessity of meeting to some extent the demand for reality has made the Buddhist system better than it logically ought to be,"² for, "to the ordinary layman the prospect is held out, of an indefinite continuance of life in happy places." And, speaking generally, there is an element of uncertainty as to time; for even with regard to Gotama himself it was doubtful from the first whether, or when, he entered into complete annihilation, for we read that on his death,³ "Ananda, the simple-minded, thought that all was over, but Anuruddha, the great metaphysician of the community, said, 'Nay, brother Ananda, this is not full Nirvana; he has entered that state in which all action of either thought or perception is at an end.'" And even to this day the question as to whether the Buddha is or is not at present in existence, divides the sects of Siam and those of Amarapura and Rangoon.⁴ Whatever views may be taken of the after-life taught by Gotama, it must be admitted that there comes a time "when," to use his own words, "that sensation, that perception and those elements of being, and that consciousness in virtue of which he (man) was called an individual are gone."⁵ If this does not bespeak mortality, it at least denies to man a rational after-life. It denies immortality as a practical incentive for ordinary men, it is, as our author expresses it, "a dreary calumny" on our human nature. Other human systems have taken cognizance of the overwhelming importance of such a belief and found in it the most efficacious deterrent and the sharpest spur: "In all thy works remember thy last end, and thou shalt never sin."⁶ Thus in speaking of the belief of early Egypt M. Lenormant wrote: "Belief in the immortality of the soul is never separated from the idea of a future recompense for deeds done in the body, and this is particularly to be observed in ancient Egypt. Although all bodies were to descend into the lower world, Kar-Neter, as it was called, they were not all assured of resurrection. To obtain this it was necessary never to have committed any great sin, either in act or in thought, as is proved by the scene of the Psychostasy, or weighing of the soul figured in the funereal rites

¹ Copleston, *op. cit.* p. 215.

² *Ibid.* 216.

³ *Ibid.* 82.

⁴ *Ibid.* p. 431. These are the three leading sects in Ceylon.

⁵ *Ibid.* p. 226.

⁶ Eccles. vii. 40.

on many mummy coffins."¹ And "Annihilation," which was the highest reward held out by Buddhism, "was believed by the Egyptians to be the punishment reserved for the wicked." Speaking of the Zend-Avesta, the same author thus expresses himself: "The belief in a future state of reward and punishment is clearly expressed in the Zend-Avesta. Souls that in their life-time have yielded to the seductions of evil cannot pass the terrible bridge Chinvat. . . . The good successfully passed it, conducted by heavenly Yazatas, and entering *the eternal world* join Ormuzd and the Amshaspands (Angels) in their abode, where they are seated on thrones of gold."² This great doctrine was not, of course, absent from the teaching of the Greeks, and is founded by them not merely on a vague tradition, but on the soundest arguments: "The doctrine of the immortality of the soul is founded by Plato in the *Phædrus* (p. 245) on the nature of the soul, as the self-moving principle of all motion; in the *Republic* (x. 609) on the fact that the life of the soul is not destroyed by moral badness, which yet, as the natural enemy of the soul, if anything could effect this ought to effect its destruction; in the *Timæus* (p. 41) on the goodness of God, who, notwithstanding that the nature of the soul, as a generated essence, subjects it to the possibility of destruction, cannot will that what has been put together in so beautiful a manner should again be dissolved."³

But Plato did not merely hold immortality as a speculative doctrine, but likewise used it as a moral motive. "Plato always connects the notion of immortality with the notion of retribution after death. The latter principle he holds as firmly as the immortality of the soul."⁴ We need not search further amongst ancient systems for this teaching, with the consequent aspiration which it engendered, but we may note that that most astute and most worldly-minded of all devisers of religions, Mahomet, did not fail to seize upon this future hope as the strongest goad to courage and to sacrifice. "Think not, in any wise, of those killed in the ways of the Lord as if they were dead. Yea, they are alive and are nourished with their Lord, exulting in that which God hath given them of His favour, and rejoicing in behalf of those who have not yet

¹ *Manual of Ancient History of East*, i. 322.

² *Ibid.* ii. 33.

³ Ueberweg, *History of Philosophy*, vol. i. p. 127.

⁴ Stöckl, *op. cit.* p. 88.

joined them but are following after. No terror afflicteth them, neither are they grieved."¹ It may be argued that Gotama, in thinking out his Nirvana and Extinction hit upon the heaven most calculated to satisfy the Hindu mind, for "any one," says Mr. Sandberg Graham,² "with experience of Oriental peoples, especially that race inhabiting the district where the Buddhist creed was first born and developed, will confess that the one idea of the highest degree of happiness they possess is that of rest—absolute, immovable rest. Let a Hindu lie as a log and sleep, he is then deliciously intensely happy." To such an argument, if advanced in favour of Buddhism, we could only reply that a serious moralist, who could use a motive so unworthy of human nature, is self-condemned. Better extol the Scandinavian Walhalla with its alternate jousts and beer drinking than an eternal drowsiness or an everlasting stupor.

(3) The third great defect in the Buddhist theory lies in the absence of motive, or if it recognizes any motive at all, it is one that is "wholly selfish and individual. It is not for the love of truth or goodness, nor for the benefit of others—to instance the two principal motives recognized by other merely human systems—it is solely for the individual's own advantage that he is invited to cultivate virtue. Nor is it a very brave or noble selfishness. It seeks, not to make the best of self, like the Greek selfishness, but to escape from pain and from the burdens of life."³ In this all the practical value of the time allotted to us here on earth is lost sight of, the Buddhist "has no aim in life except to escape from it." And in his endeavour to shun all active work as but tending to mitigate the desired sense of disgust and dissatisfaction, the emotions are put aside as wholly and irremediably bad. No other system perhaps inculcated so much self-concentration. For this it proposes a solitude more like to that of a Timon than of a Christian hermit: the hermit retires from the crowd to be alone with God, he assiduously cultivates the sense of this presence—and in inverse proportion to the success of this his endeavour is the danger of self-concentration. But in so far as he thinks of himself at all, it is as a sinner and a penitent in God's sight, strong in his trust and hope in Him. The Buddhist knowing of no God above him, carries into his solitude himself and

¹ Sura, iii.

² *Contemporary Review*, 1890, p. 263. The truth seems to be that Nirvana was an idea developed from the hazy and pantheistic notion of absorption in Brahma.

³ Copleston, p. 213.

himself alone, there to practise his virtues for his own satisfaction: probably the best specific for promoting pride, if not grosser sins, that could well be prescribed! This notion of solitude is closely bound up with the notion of self-concentration, and both are absent from other systems. Confucius was worldly-minded enough in his philosophy, but he knew the human heart better than thus to revolve it round itself. "Man should," according to the Chinese sage, "stifle all desire of gain or honour and act only from a love of virtue. He should preserve a zeal for his own advancement, and should he grow faint he should stir up his zeal afresh by reading meditations."¹ Amongst the Greeks we have seen the lofty motives for virtue assigned by Plato. And though Aristotle does not rise so high, in that he relies not a little on the pleasure the agent feels, still his virtuous man is not an egoist of the Buddhist type, like unto the imperturbable sage of the Stoics. "It is better to keep before us as clearly as possible his (Aristotle's) point of view, which is, that a good action is an end in itself, as being the perfection of our nature and that for the sake of which our moral faculties existed, hence bringing a pleasure and inward satisfaction with it, something in which the mind can rest pleased or acquiescent, something which possesses the qualities of being beautiful," &c.² But an impulse other than this philosophical motive swayed the peoples of Greece in their practical life from the time of Homer to the time of their greatest glory. "Outside the domain of life to God-ward," says Mr. Gladstone,³ "all those functions which are summed up in what St. Paul calls the flesh and the mind, the psychic and the bodily life, the tendency of the system was to exalt the human element by proposing a model of beauty, strength, and wisdom in all their combinations so elevated that the effort to attain them required a continual upward strain. It made the divinity attainable, and thus it effectually directed the thoughts and aim of man

Along the line of limitless desires.

Such a scheme of religion, though failing grossly in the government of the passions and in upholding the standard of moral duties, tended powerfully to produce a lofty self-respect and a large free and varied conception of humanity. It incorporated itself in schemes of notable discipline for mind

¹ De Harlez, *Dublin Review*, 1887.

² Grant's *Ethics of Aristotle*, vol. i. p. 176.

³ *Op. cit.* p. 376.

and body, indeed, of a life-long education, and these habits of mind and action had their marked results (to omit many other greatnesses) in a philosophy, literature, and art which remain to this day unrivalled and unsurpassed." As a scheme of moral likely to benefit its votaries in the material order Buddhism, of course, cannot compare to this product of Greek civilization; but neither can it hold its own, under this aspect, either with its rivals in China or with the religion of the Parsees, and still less with the empire-seeking creed of Mahomet. This would, naturally, be a charge of little weight if we were dealing with a religion, whose end is to bring its adherents out of this vale of tears to a better life: but when judging of a so-called practical solution of the riddle, "how life may best be used," it is an indictment not to be passed over in silence.

Let us then see how Zoroasterianism treated the business of life. Mons. Lenormant¹ says of it: "The morality of Mazdeism was pure and simple. It was the business of the faithful worshippers of Ormuzd to strive against evil in all its forms. Now the occupation most favourable to the accomplishment of this vocation was that of agriculture. . . . "He is a holy man," says Ahura Mazda, "who has built an habitation on the earth in which he maintains fire, cattle, his wife, his children and flocks and herds. He who makes the earth produce barley, who cultivates the fruits of the soil, cultivates purity; he advances the law of Ahura Mazda as much as if he had offered a hundred sacrifices." The Vandidad, in fact, bursts into unwonted verse in praise of the practical farmer:

When the barley appears, the demons pine,
When the barley is threshed, the demons whine,
When the barley is ground, the demons fly,
When the meal is prepared, the demons die.²

This same practical view of life, so vigorously taught, bears its fruits apparently even to our day: "A beggar among the Parsees is unknown, and would be a scandal to the society. . . . Of all the natives of India, the Parsees are most desirous of receiving the benefits of an English education, and their eagerness to embrace the science and literature of the West has been conspicuous in the widespread of female education among them."³ It is, perhaps, in this question of education that the

¹ *Manual of Ancient History*, vol. ii. p. 33.

² Taken from J. M. Mitchell, *The Zend-Avesta*, p. 46.

³ Führer, in *Encyclopedia Britannica*.

unworkable element in Buddhism is most patent. "I have already alluded," says Dr. Copleston,¹ "to the dislike which Gotama is represented as expressing for metaphysical and psychological, and even for astronomical or geographical studies and discussions. The reason assigned for his disparagement of them is that they do not tend to produce dissatisfaction." And though "the beginning and ending of Buddhism is the abolition of ignorance,"² the only knowledge extolled is "that of the necessary connection of sorrow with existence,"³ all else is set aside as useless and subtle. Knowledge in all its aspects was encouraged by well-nigh every other system. It was encouraged in a sublime but pantheistic form in the Vedas, in which knowledge of Brahma is knowledge of all things; it was encouraged, as we have seen, by Greek and Parsee from a more worldly point of view; nor did Mahomet stand in its way: the marvellous development in the study of history, geography, mathematics, and philosophy amongst his followers had, as is well known, both an arousing and an abiding influence on the schools of Christendom. The religion created by the Prophet is also superior to Buddhism as a utilitarian scheme; as it gave the first people that adopted it an empire, so did it make over to the Tartar hordes, who were its converts, the inheritance thereof: "As Islamism has changed the demeanour of the Turks," wrote Cardinal Newman,⁴ forty years ago, "so doubtless it has in other ways materially innovated on their Tartar nature. It has given an aim to their military efforts, a political principle, and a social bond. It has laid them under a sense of responsibility, has moulded them into consistency, and taught them a course of policy, and perseverance in it." That it is precisely the system devised by Mahomet himself that effected this has been testified to by all that have observed his followers in different lands. "To promote the union of his followers among themselves in religion and war, to identify these two ends in one, and for this to dissuade and discourage all other union, which might tend to divert their attention elsewhere, and thereby diminish the undivided energy of concentration, was a project worthy of the Meccan Prophet, and the means adopted were characteristic of the system and the man."⁵ These means were the Mosque with its daily round of prayers, which acted more effectually than a drill-ground. Here the faithful acquired

¹ *Op. cit.* p. 133.² *Ibid.* p. 103.³ *Ibid.* p. 104.⁴ *The Turks*, p. 73.⁵ Palgrave, *Central Arabia*, i. 432.

that *esprit de corps* and rigid discipline which distinguished their armies. Father Ohrwalder also speaks of the effectual use both the Mahdi and the Khalifa Abdullah have made of the same means in our day.

We are far from asserting that in all things these other systems surpass Buddhism—they each had their own end in view, and more or less attained to it. But from some points of view they stand above the Buddhist doctrine as schemes of human action. Many, indeed, on a far higher level, in that they recognize a Supreme God, the rewarder and punisher of men, many as holding out the hopes of an after-life, some even an eternal existence, and all of them, we may say, as making at least a more rational use of life. The only true use of life is with it to buy a happy eternity, but better to use it for itself than not to use it at all, “better is a living dog than a dead lion.”

In conclusion, we repeat that the weakness of Buddhism consists in its fatal omissions rather than in the falseness of the positive elements of its teaching. It failed to teach much that it should have taught, and this is not at all compensated for by the fact that it taught much that was right and just and beautiful. If we cannot endorse to the full King Asoka's sentiment engraved on the rock at Bairat, “All that has been said by the blessed Buddha, it is all well said!” we can allow, and must allow, that much of his teaching was true and good—but it falls short in so much, it fails just at that point which raises a man from the earth to Heaven.

C. G.

Under the Shadow of the Giralda.

THE lamentable accident which, a short time ago, caused so much damage to the Cathedral of Seville, and made it necessary to begin a work of restoration which will require many years for its completion, was simply a repetition of a catastrophe which happened soon after the present structure was first opened. The Cathedral of Seville, which now exists, was finished and consecrated in October, 1506, more than one hundred years having passed since the first stone had been laid; and the new edifice was crowned by a lofty cupola resting on four pillars, and forming the roof over the high altar. This cupola is said to have been as high as the original tower of the Giralda, before the modern structure at the top of the Moorish minaret was added; but, from the first, fears were expressed for the safety of the immense dome, the weight of which, it was thought, was insufficiently supported by the pillars upon which it rested. These fears were soon justified, for, on the morning of the feast of the Innocents, 1511, cracks appeared in one of the pillars; and, although the structure held together during the day, and a possible destruction of life was thus averted, at eight o'clock in the evening the cupola fell in, with a crash which terrified the whole city. The work of restoration was immediately begun; but it was thought wiser to abandon the bold designs of the original architect, and, instead of a cupola, to build over the central part of the edifice a roof of the same level and form as that of the nave; and thus a peculiar and somewhat unfinished appearance was given to the Cathedral of Seville, which is yet in so many ways one of the finest buildings of Europe.

The present Cathedral of Seville stands upon the site of the great mosque, which, according to tradition, the Arabs built upon the spot where they found the principal church of the city, when they took it in 713. When St. Ferdinand, King of Castile, recaptured Seville in 1248, the great mosque with its lofty minaret, now called the Giralda Tower, was at once

consecrated as the Cathedral Church of the newly conquered city, which was thus restored to its ancient position as the see of a bishop. In accordance with the habits of that time, the entry of the Christian King into the Moorish city, on December 22nd, bore the character of a religious procession as much as of a military display; and in the midst, escorted by bishops and clergy, was carried an image of the Blessed Virgin, which St. Ferdinand had kept with him during his campaigns. When the procession reached the gate which was, according to tradition, that called *Puerta de Goles*, the Mahometan Prince came out to meet his conqueror, and, kneeling before him, delivered up the keys of the city into his hand; after which the Moors, vanquished and exiled, were allowed to pass over to Africa in safety. One of the keys which St. Ferdinand received on this occasion is still preserved in the sacristy of the Cathedral; and its wards are formed in the shape of Cufic characters, which have been deciphered by Don Francisco Fernandez y Gonzalez in the following sense: "God grant the preservation of the city. To God belong all rule and all power."

The procession of priests and soldiers marched to the great mosque, where Mass was said, and the images of Our Lady *da la Sede* and *de los Reyes*, henceforward so famous, were finally deposited. It seems that Ferdinand intended his own son, Don Philip, to be the first Archbishop of Seville; but as this Prince never took Orders, and afterwards gave up his intention of doing so, he was never more than lay administrator of the see; and the first of a line of prelates which includes many illustrious names was Don Raimundo, who was consecrated Archbishop of Seville in 1261, and first set the affairs of the church into order.

The Cathedral of Seville remained in the form of a mosque, similar to the great mosque still existing at Cordova, until the year 1401, when the Chapter, of their own accord, during a vacancy of the see, decided, without the support of prince or prelate, to erect a new building, in the Gothic style, upon the site of the earlier edifice; and the result of their decision is the present vast and magnificent Cathedral. The immediate cause of this determination of the Chapter was that the old church or mosque had been greatly damaged by earthquakes, and was falling rapidly to ruin; so that the erection of a new structure was a matter of necessity. The canons and beneficiaries, however, showed their generosity and their zeal for the glory

of the city, by the desire which they expressed to have a new church built which should be without equal in the world, and by the readiness with which they resolved to devote part of their own incomes to make up the sum of money required beyond the ordinary revenues of the fabric. The spirit which animated them is illustrated by the words traditionally spoken by a certain prebendary on this occasion: "Let us build," he said, "a church so great that those who come after us may think that we were mad!"

Very few remains of the Moorish mosque are now to be found at the Cathedral of Seville. The court of orange-trees (*Patio de los naranjos*) is, without doubt, on the site of the ancient court of the mosque, and its high battlemented wall is probably a fairly exact representation of the wall which surrounded the Mahometan sanctuary; but it was restored in Christian times. The remains of the Moorish fountain, however, are to be seen in one corner of the court; and this is thought to be all that remains of the actual fabric of the mosque, except the Giralda Tower with its minaret. The gateway leading into the Court of Oranges, called *Puerta del Perdon*, so Moorish in aspect, was erected by King Alfonso XI. in 1340, in thanksgiving for his great victory over the Moors at Salado.

This Moorish gateway of the *Puerta del Perdon*, its gates decorated with Arabic inscriptions, is a beautiful example of the style of art which reigned among the Spanish Christians of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, side by side with the Gothic, and was a notable result of the influence of the Arabs over their Christian subjects in Spain. The style of art is called *mudejar*, from an Arabic word applied to the Moorish vassals of a Christian state; and many of the architects and artists who executed works in the *mudejar* style must have been Moorish subjects of the Kings of Castile, who continued to live in these parts of the country which had been won back from their Mahometan rulers. After the capture of Seville, by St. Ferdinand, for instance, a considerable number of Moors remained in the city, and inhabited the quarter behind the Church of the Saviour. The Spanish word *alarife*, meaning "architect," and borrowed from the Arabic, is a proof that the mediæval architects of Christian Spain were frequently Moors; and many architectural terms in Spanish are in a similar way, borrowed from the Arabic; such are the term *moárabe*, given to the decorations in stucco applied to the walls, as in the

Alhambra, or in the Alcazar at Seville; *almena*, "a battlement," *alcoba*, "a vaulted recess," *ajimez*, an arched window divided by a column, and many others. But the Christian Spaniards learnt the arts practised by their Moorish fellow-subjects, and consequently their houses and churches and church furniture were decorated with Moorish designs and Arabic inscriptions. The Arabic language was much studied by the Spaniards in these centuries; and St. Ferdinand founded a school in Seville for the study of Arabic. Until recently, however, it was always thought that the presence of Arabic inscriptions betrayed the hand of Moorish artists; and so the Alcazar of Seville was thought to be the work of Moors from Granada whom Pedro the Cruel, proved by the inscription on the gate to have been the principal founder of that building, summoned from the neighbouring kingdom to do his work. The doors of the Ambassadors' Saloon, however, bear an Arabic inscription which declares that the work was done by artists from Toledo; and these must have been Christians, who were simply following artistic traditions learnt from the Moors, and including the employment of Arabic inscriptions as part of the decoration. In illuminated MSS. of this period altar-frontals are seen, bearing short Arabic inscriptions embroidered upon them; and in fact such inscriptions, made familiar by the example of the Moors, and recommended by the graceful forms of the characters, were one of the favourite forms of ornament among the Christian Spaniards during the latter part of the middle ages.

Besides a corner of the Court of Oranges, the Giralda Tower itself is the only purely Moorish work still remaining at the Cathedral of Seville; and it is an exceedingly fine example of Mahometan architecture. Originally it was two hundred and fifty feet in height, and was surrounded by a turret, on the summit of which were four large balls or "apples" of metal placed one upon the other, and gradually decreasing in size towards the top; the lowest or largest of them being so "corpulent," that when it was first brought into the city, the gates were found too narrow to admit it, and a breach had to be made in the wall. These "apples" which flashed in the sunlight from the summit of the lofty minaret, were one of the glories of Seville until the year 1396, when an earthquake loosened the iron rod on which they were fixed, so that they fell and were broken into small pieces; and the minaret remained in the

incomplete and disfigured condition caused by the loss of its finishing ornament, until the year 1569, when the *renaissance* structure, crowned by the cupola and weather-vane (*giralda*) in the form of the figure of Faith, was completed, adding another hundred feet to the height of the Giralda Tower. The Latin inscription, freely translated, as follows, records the event:

"In honour of the Blessed Virgin, and of the SS. Isidore, Leander, Hermenegild, Justa, and Rufina, patrons of the city, the Fathers of the church of Seville, under the auspices of their Archbishop, Valdes, have restored and embellished this tower of African construction (*Punicæ structuræ*) and of admirable proportions, formerly two hundred feet in height, by the addition of a new structure, one hundred feet in height, crowned with the colossal figure of Victorious Faith turning to all quarters of the heavens."

The Giralda Tower, especially placed under the protection of St. Justa and St. Rufina, was adorned with a painting in fresco of these two virgin martyrs, holding the tower between them. This fresco, now faded and almost invisible, is upon the lower part of the structure, where the surface of the brick walls is flat and without ornament; for, in accordance with the Moorish style of architecture, the designs in relief which look like heavy lace, and the arched windows (*ajimeces*) with their delicate mouldings, appear only in the upper part of the tower, a peculiarity by which their effect is much enhanced. It might be thought that the imposition of *renaissance* colonnades and cupolas upon the summit of a Moorish tower would entirely spoil the harmony of the whole; but it must be set down to the credit of the architects that the contrast between the two parts, diminished by the intrinsic excellence of each of them, is as little offensive as it could possibly be.

For English Catholics, Seville must possess an interest because, from the reign of Elizabeth onward, it was one of the places which did most to keep alive and foster the "occult Christianity" of our own country in the days of oppression and persecution; for it was at Seville that, in 1592, the English College or Seminary of St. Gregory was founded by Father Robert Parsons, of the Society of Jesus, for the purpose of educating English priests. In this foundation, Father Parsons was assisted by the favour and recommendation of King Philip II., who gave him letters for the Cardinal Archbishop,

Rodrigo de Castro, and for the city authorities, by whose support, as well as by that of the nobles of Andalusia, it became possible to bring the Seminary into existence. The Society of Jesus had made its first entry into Seville in 1554, in the persons of Father Gonzalo Gonzalez and Father Basilio de Avila; but it was not until nine years later that the extensive *Casa Profesa*, now the University, and the Novitiate, now the Hospital of St. Louis, were founded.

Another reason for which Englishmen may remember the name of Seville with affection is that this city was the birthplace of Cardinal Wiseman, who first saw the light here in 1802. The people of Seville have not forgotten that this illustrious Prince of the Church was a son of this city; and his portrait is displayed in the principal reception-room of the University.

In the fifteenth century, Seville had been much disturbed by feuds among the great families of the city and province, similar to those rivalries which distracted Rome itself and many other cities of Spain and Italy during the middle ages. In these civil discords, even the churches were made use of as fortresses, and their towers served as strongholds, and were garrisoned by the retainers of the various nobles and the followers of their factions. The tower of St. Mark was burned to the ground during a siege occasioned by an outbreak of hostilities between rival houses; and even the tower of the Cathedral, the Giralda Tower itself, was turned into a stronghold by the family of the Medinas, much to the detriment of the religious services and to the scandal of the worshippers. Before a commission of ecclesiastics, appointed to inquire into these matters, the titular Bishop of Ualaga, delegate of Pope Eugenius IV., declared that the church towers were "garrisoned with armed men, and that entry was only obtained to them by the password, as if they were frontier fortresses; by which it is notorious that the inhabitants of this city have been greatly scandalized."

After the Giralda Tower, the *Torre del Oro* is the principal example of Moorish work at Seville, and its picturesque position upon the banks of the Guadalquivir make it one of the most characteristic features of the town. Formerly it was thought that much of the royal palace of Alcazar had been constructed and decorated by the Moorish princes in the form in which it now stands; but it is proved by inscriptions to be almost entirely the work of Peter the Cruel (1350—1369), since whose

time it has on several occasions been restored, but as far as possible on the original lines.

The number of religious houses in Seville in the middle of the seventeenth century amounted to forty-five of men and twenty-eight of women. Seville has also always been remarkable for the number of its charitable institutions, which at the same period amounted to sixteen hospitals; the number having been considerably reduced at the end of the sixteenth century. Among the most celebrated of the hospitals was that of the Love of God (*Amor de Dios*), which has left its name to a street, and that of the *Caridad*, still in full working order, and well known on account of the romantic story of its foundation by Don Luis de Mañara, and through its chapel which contains several paintings by Murillo and many other works of art.

The most flourishing period in the history of Seville was the middle and latter part of the sixteenth century, when the riches of the New World were pouring into her lap. Much injury was done to the city when the ships began to unload their cargoes at Cadiz, instead of coming up the Guadalquivir to Seville, as they had done in the time of Columbus and long after, when Seville was full of wealthy merchants and ship-owners and was the chief mart for the gold and silver of Peru and Mexico.

The great repository of the West Indian Archives at the Exchange, called the *Lonja*, shows the connection between Seville and the American possessions of Spain from their first discovery onwards. In the sixteenth century, however, Seville ceased to be one of the chief residences of the sovereign, as she had so frequently been in former times. Charles V., indeed, resided for a time at the Alcazar, and even celebrated in that palace, which retains many traces of his presence, his wedding with Isabel of Portugal; but this was the last time that a King of Spain has done more than pay a short visit to the city. Philip II. once spent a fortnight at Seville; a time of brilliant festivities and great rejoicing among its inhabitants. It was in the time of Philip II. that the Royal Chapel (*Capilla de los Reyes*) behind the high altar of the Cathedral was at last finished, and the body of St. Ferdinand, the conqueror of Seville, was translated with much ceremony to its final resting-place there in the crypt beneath the silver altar.

It is probable, indeed, that before the conquest of St.

Ferdinand, there was on the site of the present Alcazar a palace, to which, perhaps, the Arab poet of the eleventh century alluded when he sang of the Moorish Prince, Mohammed ibu Ismail ibu Abbad, who had been at his death "translated from the Alcazars of Seville to the Alcazars of Paradise;" but very few portions of this pre-Christian edifice are now remaining. The greater part was built and decorated in the reign of Peter the Cruel by Christian artists and workmen from Toledo, who followed artistic traditions learnt from the Moors.

The Berengarian Controversy and its Antecedents.

PART II.

IN a former paper we traced through the ninth century the course of that Eucharistic controversy which was to culminate in Berengarius; now we have to follow the same track as it has left its marks in the tenth and in the first part of the eleventh century. We are unpleasantly reminded that the tenth century has been branded, even by the Catholic historian Baronius, with the names of "the iron," "the leaden," "the dark age," in which accordingly we may expect not to find any great question in theology luminously worked out towards its conclusion. The preceding century had ended disastrously with the collapse of Charlemagne's Empire at the deposition of Charles the Fat, A.D. 887: and when in consequence of this loss of the central power ruin was threatened by internal disturbances alone, then in addition to these came from without the devastating invasions of the barbarians, Normans, Hungarians, and Saracens, who destroyed cloisters, schools, and churches, burned books, and made a life of study for the most part impossible. Even so it remains true that Baronius uses a brush too exclusively and too intensely black in the picture that he draws—a fact which is pointed out not only by Catholic historians anxious to save the reputation of the Church, but also by such Protestant historians as Milman. What impressed Baronius was the desolation chiefly of Italy: whereupon he described Europe from that impression. Now Italy, though scarcely reduced to the two lights of the episcopacy whom Tiraboschi mentions as alone of their order shining out from the hundred years of eclipse, was confessedly in a very bad plight. France was better, holding up the bright example of Clugny and its offshoots. So also was Spain, which was then under the stern discipline of Saracen dominion, which prevented laxity and kept her in a state of tension; while Germany may boast of really a fair measure of eminence in her learned men and institutions. England was

undergoing the reforms of St. Dunstan. There were then, lights amid the shadows, though undeniably shadows existed also, many and dark, which were far from being wholly dispelled even when, during the latter half of the century, the Empire revived under three distinguished members of the Saxon line, the three Othos.

It is, however, rather to the Papacy than to the Empire that our eyes turn anxiously when our solicitude is for the interests of sound theology. And the Popes of the time, we discover to our sorrow, were unsatisfactory in more than one instance. For just as over the Church generally the plague of family influence had spread itself, thrusting into the money-bringing offices, not clerics recommended by their fitness, but friends and relatives of the powerful classes, younger or illegitimate sons who were otherwise unprovided for, so likewise in the Papacy itself, at the heart of the whole system, family intrigues were at work only too successfully. In nine turbulent years (896—904) there had been nine Popes, the last of whom, Sergius III., is the first of a list much to be deplored, inasmuch as, whatever personally was the blamelessness of some of its members, they all stood as representatives of a family domination in the Church. The rulers of the house of Tusculum, which became connected by marriage with the Crescentii, and also, in ways not always very clear, with Theodora and her two wicked daughters, Theodora the Younger and Marozia, exercised a tyranny over the appointment and the lives of Popes which ought never to have been. The end, however, of the tenth century saw in the Papal chair a great man, not the nominee of the Tusculan faction, not even an Italian, but a Frenchman, the first of his countrymen who rose to be Pope, Gerbert of Aurillac, who assumed the name of Sylvester II. Unfortunately he was followed by a succession of Tusculan favourites, certainly not all of them bad men, yet all candidates of a party that had no right to its influence, till at length in 1046 Clement II. began a short line of German Pontiffs, representing the policy, on the whole healthy, of the Franconian Emperor, Henry III., and preparing the way under the influence of Hildebrand for the reforms which the last-named ecclesiastic, when his turn came to be Pope, was to inaugurate but not to carry to completion, under the ever memorable title of Gregory VII. At him we will stop short our historic sketch, for he was the Pope who put a term to the Berengarian controversy.

An eleventh-century historian, Rodolphus Glaber, a monk of Clugny, will add weight to what we have said. Speaking of the year 1000¹ he observes that "it so abounded in corn, wine, and other products of the soil that for the next fifty years its yield could not be surpassed. Other food than flesh-meat and some special delicacy of a vegetable, brought in no price. The year resembled a great Jubilee of the Mosaic times. The third and fourth years of the same century were equally abundant. But, alas! mankind, forgetful of the Divine gifts, being prone to evil from the beginning, like the dog returning to its vomit, or like the sow returning to wallow in the mire, was unfaithful to its own pledges, and in the words of Scripture, 'waxed fat and kicked.' For the leading personages of both the clerical and the lay order began, as before, to indulge in avarice and rapine; by which example those lower in rank were led into great wickedness. Who previously had ever heard of anything so enormous in the way of incests, adulteries, concubinages, and downright rivalries in vice? To crown the evil, as there were found few or none to correct the delinquents, the sentence of the Prophet was fulfilled, 'It shall be as people, so too priest;' and all the more was it thus because rulers, lay and clerical, were mere striplings. Even the Pope over all, a nephew of two others, Benedict and John, by means of bribery had his election secured for him, though he was but a boy of about ten years of age. Often cast out by the Romans and then ignominiously received back again, he was without power. The other prelates of the Church at the time owed their exaltation rather to money than to merit. Alas, that it should have been so! for in regard to these scandals clearly Scripture or the mouth of God Himself declares, 'Princes there were, but I knew them not.'"

After the above sketch of the dark side to the historic period with which we are concerned, it will not surprise us to find much ignorance of doctrine as we pass in review the tenth and the first part of the eleventh century in their relation to knowledge concerning the Holy Eucharist. Meantime, in fair mitigation of the admitted evils of the times, which common honesty will not allow us to disguise, we must plead that an exact acquaintance with the dark age is impossible: for the Court Bishop Liutprand of Cremona, on whom we are so largely dependent, is notoriously untrustworthy on many points. Indeed, there is a

¹ *Historiarum*, lib. iv. cap. v.

wide-reaching though unintended suggestion in a casual note of Milman's, where, after having repeated the mention of a scandal against Otho III., he remarks: "The modern German writers, jealous for the honour of Otho, seem inclined to doubt this story. Muratori accepts it. It seems to me to rest on as good authority as most of the events of the time."¹ Perhaps we may say more plainly, it is one of many stories that we find narrated, and the fact of their narration is the only thing about them of which we can make quite certain.

Entering upon our proper subject, the prelude to Berengarianism, if we look over the not very numerous writers who represent to us the state of the Eucharistic doctrine in the tenth century, we find prominent on the side of the true faith, Gerbert of Aurillac, Gezo, Abbot of Tortono, Atto, Bishop of Vercelli, and Rather of Verona. The last-named was a man who passed through a career of many vicissitudes, dividing his time between Belgium, where he studied, and Italy, where he became bishop; and as he is decidedly a representative man, he may advantageously be chosen as our first witness. There is extant a letter of his to Patricus on *The Body and Blood of Christ*,² which bears the superscription, *Patrico Ratherius, misero miserrimus*. After this introduction the writer, who seems to have been still in his monastic days, begins his reply to a question which he thinks had been put, as too many questions are put, "out of curiosity rather than charity"—*explorative non caritative*; and comparing his own infrequent, with his correspondent's frequent celebration of the Mass, he comes to the conclusion that if St. Paul and his commentator St. Chrysostom were allowed to have their advice on the point carried out, he himself should be restrained from celebrating at all, and his friend from celebrating daily. It is not necessary to take these words in their barest literalness. Next he defends his use of the bath on days preceding Communion, which was a recognized custom; and then he comes to the doctrine about which we are specially interested. "But perhaps it is only transitorily³ that you receive, or perhaps you think that it is figuratively that you say to the recipient, May the Body of Jesus Christ be pro-

¹ *Latin Christianity*, vol. ii. p. 417, note S. See Jungmann's *Dissertatio* xviii. *De Romanis Pontificibus Seculi*, x.

² We keep the word nearest to the Latin, *transitorie*. There may be a reference to the heresy, well known later, that the Eucharist is not an abiding sacrament, but a sacrament only in the act of reception.

³ *Ep. I. Migne*, vol. cxxxvi. col. 643.

pitious to thee unto life eternal? If such is really your opinion, the blindness of your understanding is an object rather for pity and instruction than for wonder and ridicule, because it is the reason why, knowing not how to turn aside from the fit of presumption, you continue to frequent that whereof you do not understand the virtue. But believe, brother, that just as at Cana of Galilee, by the Divine command, true and not figurative wine was made out of water, so, by the Divine blessing, the wine of the sacrament becomes the true and not the figurative Blood, as the bread becomes the true and not the figurative Flesh. If, however, the taste remains as before, if it and the colour furnish to you an argument against the change, I will put before you an illustration." He then goes on to illustrate Transubstantiation by the change of the dust of the earth into the body of a man—a rather lame similitude, but one which he draws out in a manner that shows that, in spite of clear inaccuracies, his meaning is orthodox enough.

We will take only another representative writer of the tenth century, the famous Gerbert, afterwards Sylvester II., whose learning in his own day was so famous as to bring him into repute for having drunk at unholy sources of knowledge, a suspicion all the more easily taken up because of a false notion which has spread that he was educated by Mahomedans in Spain. The work which we are about to quote is assigned by Mabillon to Gerbert as probably his, in which opinion others have concurred. Accordingly, it has been placed among this Pontiff's works,¹ under the heading, *De Corpore et Sanguine Domini*. It opens thus: "As a certain wise man, whose opinion we approve, though we do not know his name, has said before us, we are in great hesitation when we consider the assertion of the Apostle that the animal man does not understand the things which are of the Spirit of God, and our hesitation is because of the fear lest living too little in the Spirit, when we frame our answers on spiritual subjects, which perhaps we have not yet understood, we fall upon a stone of offence and a rock of stumbling." The matter which thus misgivingly he is about to discuss is, that "while some say that the Body of Christ which is taken from the altar is the same which was born of the Virgin, others deny the identity and say that the Body is another." Delaying his answer to the *Stercoranists*, as they are called, among whom he reckons Rabanus Maurus, he at once

¹ Migne, tom. xi. col. 179.

replies to those who gainsay the identity of the Body. Recalling what Paschasius, Rabanus, and Ratramnus respectively had taught on this point, he seeks a basis for his decision in the writings of the Fathers, whence he gathers that "the sense is figurative and yet that the Body of Christ is truly present." He objects to the sharp dilemma, "Either it is all figure and no truth, or it is truth and no figure." He agrees, as does Paschasius, that it may be on one side figure and on another truth, which combination he proceeds to set forth: "It is figure so far as there are the outward appearances of bread and wine: it is truth so far as the Body and the Blood of Christ are believed to be inwardly there in very truth." In which sense the writer, not after the best style of exegesis, applies to Christ handling His own Sacrament at the Last Supper words which he supposes to belong to one of the Books of Kings, *Efferebatur in manibus suis*: and on the main question of the Real Presence he ranges himself on the side of Paschasius Radbertus, that is, on the side which afterwards Berengarius was to attack.

So far we have cited witnesses who are clearly in agreement with the doctrine which is now wholly undisputed within the Catholic Church; while choosing specimens of at least a supposed antagonism, we will take two cases which are specially interesting to us in England, and one of which is often adduced in favour of the English Reformers. In the time of Odo, Archbishop of Canterbury, there were some ecclesiastics in this country, whom the primate set himself to repress because of what is described as their *enormis perfidia*.¹ The brief account given by Mabillon is as follows: "In the time of Odo, Archbishop of Canterbury (941—958), certain clerics, says Osbern, led astray by a mischievous error, dared to assert that the bread and the wine which are placed on the altar remain, after the consecration, the same in substance, and are but the figure of Christ's Body and Blood, not His true Body and Blood. These men Odo convinced and gained over by a miracle which through prayer and tears he obtained during the solemnity of the Mass; for at the time of the breaking of the life-giving Bread there began to flow from the particles of Christ's Body (*fragmenta corporis Christi*)² which the Bishop held in his hands, drops of Blood.

¹ Migne, tom. cxxxii. col. 939.

² This awkward expression is of not unfrequent occurrence, giving rise to not unnatural objections. The particle or fragment really refers to the *species* of the Sacrament, the *accidents* of the bread: the Body of Christ is whole in each such fragment, nor is it ever divided.

Alarmed at the miracle, the clerics aforesaid urged the Pontiff to intercede with the Divine Majesty, that the Blood before their eyes might be hidden again under its previous form, lest they, for their unbelief, should suffer punishment. It was done accordingly, and the result was that the clerics were rid of their error concerning the Body of our Lord, and no longer doubted that the bread which is consecrated on the altar is the true Body of Christ, for they had beheld the true Blood thence to issue."

There are variations of this story, as may be seen from Father Bridgett's *History of the Holy Eucharist in Great Britain*, and the kind of miracle here asserted is quite of typical order. The Osbern, whom Mabillon quotes as his voucher for the narrative given above, was a monk of Canterbury, precentor of the Cathedral there, and a friend of Lanfranc. He is usually credited with a *Life of Archbishop Odo*, and to him accordingly Glaire and Darling, in their respective works on Christian bibliography, as also the editor who writes in Migne's *Patrology*,¹ assign the authorship. It has, however, been sometimes attributed to Eadbert, and on this supposition, which would put the date a century after the event described, and in the midst of the Berengarian controversy, Father Bridgett founds a conjecture which would free the English clerics from the charge of heresy altogether. An account of the miracle written during the episcopate of Archbishop Ælfric (995-1005), makes no mention of the heresy, which may indeed have been an addition suggested by the later controversy. Should it be objected that the hypothesis of such a tampering with documents tends to throw suspicion on all narratives of this order, it is enough to reply at present—as Lanfranc urged in his day—that whether the story be regarded as fact or fiction, in each case it is a witness to English belief about the Eucharist in the tenth century.

However we seem to have got rid of one charge of heresy only to meet straightway with another. For the mention of Ælfric brings up before the mind a homily which is ascribed to one of the same name, and which is relied upon by Protestants in this country as testifying to their views in times long antecedent to the English Reformation. Who the Ælfric of the homily is has been matter of contention; but "after long investigation," Dr. Lingard "can find no evidence to identify him either with Ælfric, Archbishop of Canterbury in 996, or with Ælfric, Arch-

¹ L.c.

bishop of York in 1002."¹ He does, however, find that the unknown Ælfric has been used by Archbishop Parker in 1560, by an edition of Foxe's *Acts and Monuments* in 1610, and by Protestant writers from these dates down to the present, in support of the very unwarrantable conclusion that the Anglo-Saxon Church disbelieved the Real Presence. One writer, whatever he individually might say in clear contradiction to the rest of his countrymen, would never justify such a sweeping inference; and, moreover, even this one writer cannot be proved to have done more than adopt some phrases from authors like Ratramnus, who, as we have already shown, may plausibly be regarded as having erred mainly by the inappropriate phraseology in which he set forth the figurativeness of the Blessed Sacrament. Whilst Ælfric, who in his homilies is essentially a compiler, not an original writer, adopts from others their dangerous or inaccurate expressions about a ghostly presence which is not bodily, he also copies their example when he narrates in regard to Christ's Body in the Eucharist a miracle which is interpretable only on the hypothesis of the Real Presence. He, therefore, furnishes no valid ground whatsoever for declaring a break to have been made in what we are accustomed to glory in as the unbroken tradition of our English Church concerning Transubstantiation right up to the unfortunate heresy of Wycliffe.

After the tenth century, nearly another half-century has to be accounted for before we reach the height of the Berengarian controversy itself; and during this period we have to confess to much ignorance up and down the Church, as well about other theological matters as about the question that is now engaging our attention. In many respects it was a prolongation of "the dark age," during which we cannot expect that an account of the Eucharist should have prevailed as accurate as in the palmy days of theology and of catechetical instruction for the people. Especially we notice the idea to prevail of a Capharnaite eating and drinking of Christ's Body and Blood—of a bruising and breaking of His limbs, of dismemberment into separate portions. Revolting as this notion may seem to us, it was revolting also to the men of Capharnaum, who had become enthusiastically attached, after their superficial way, to the Person of Christ, and whose sudden abandonment of Him can

¹ *History and Antiquity of the Anglo-Saxon Church*, vol. ii. p. 319. See especially note R, p. 458, ff.

be accounted for only by something which seemed to them very repellent indeed. We who do not shrink from the idea of the true mangling of the sacred Body on the Cross, must not, if we would understand the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel, allow our dislike of the subject to stand in the way of our appreciation of the difficulty felt by those incredulous Jews. They would not trust to the power of God for finding a perfectly decorous manner in which Christ's Flesh and Blood were to become the nutriment of our spiritual life while we ate and drank of them; and so they allowed a mistaken fastidiousness to blind their eyes.

Berengarius, who in many matters was a religious man, showed himself headstrong against the authority of the Church on similar grounds. In his day, and after it, a reaction against the faith was at work because of great imprudences, not to use a stronger word, in propounding views about the Holy Eucharist, and also because of downright errors on the side of Capharnaitism. The stories so often told about Blood seen flowing from the Host at least require great care in the telling, and often did not meet with what they required; the frequently recurring expressions, *Particula corporis Christi*, *Portiuncula corporis Christi*, were very misleading, the notion of separation into parts being easily transferred from the material elements to the Body they enshrined. We cannot fail to observe that authorities in the Church forced Berengarius, in the course of his many recantations, to avow some very strongly-worded propositions that might be so interpreted as to savour not a little of Capharnaitism, and could be understood in a sound sense only by giving to the words a meaning less full than is usual. To restrict thus the signification of terms is common among theologians who have constantly to adapt, and can say what they want only by adapting, the language of every-day life to the truths of revelation which belong to a very different order from that of nature. At the same time it must be allowed that on the occasion of which we are treating, namely, at the Council held at Rome in 1059 against Berengarius, the words in which he was ordered to proclaim his belief in the Real Presence went beyond what is customary in theological formularies. Whatever risk of injury there might be in this energy of assertion, the gain was to force a notoriously slippery disputant, who could not be tied down by delicate cords, to bind himself by a very rough rope. The profession of faith, for which

parallels are not wanting in some of the more strenuous assertions of the Fathers themselves, was in this shape: "With mouth and heart I declare that the bread and the wine which are placed on the altar, become after the consecration not only the Sacrament, but absolutely the Body and the Blood of Jesus Christ, and not alone sacramentally, but also verily and sensibly are manipulated by the hands of the priest, and are broken and crushed by the teeth of the faithful." There is a sense, and a plausible one, in which these words are out of accordance with fact and with the Church's general teaching, and the misfortune of Berengarius was to allow his recoil from the repulsive and unintended signification at least to help in carrying him over to the opposite extreme of denying a genuine Presence of the Body altogether.

Beyond what we have already said of the tenth century, the first half of the eleventh gives us little new to add about the preparation for Berengarius. In France at the time, we find the Real Presence denied, but the heretics went much deeper than an error merely about the Blessed Eucharist; they were revivalists of Manichæism. The charge brought against a certain Bishop of administering Communion with the words, *Si dignus es, accipe*—"Receive, if thou art worthy"—is not conclusive of false teaching, for he may have been putting some persons through an ordeal, in which case, however much we might disapprove his practice, we could not blame his doctrine. Among the orthodox teachers of the period Fulbert of Chartres is recommended to our choice when we are in search of witnesses whom we may appositely quote; for he, after having been himself the pupil of Gerbert, became the master as well of many distinguished men, as also of the notorious Berengarius, for whose errors we shall find him clearly not responsible. In a letter to Adeodatus he briefly expounds the fundamental dogmas of Christianity, when coming in turn to the doctrine of the Eucharist, he says, "Because our Saviour was soon to take away from our sight into Heaven His Body which He had once offered as ransom for us, therefore in order that we might not be deprived of the protecting presence of the Body thus removed, He left us a saving pledge of His Body and Blood, which, however, was not the symbol of an empty mystery, but the true Body of Christ formed by the Holy Ghost, and by a hidden power produced in the sacred solemnities for the daily veneration of the people, under

a created form visible to the eyes. About which mystery Christ on the eve of His Passion said to those familiarly assembled with Him: 'This is My Body,' and a little later, 'This is My Blood of the New Testament which shall be shed for you;' and elsewhere, 'He who eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood abideth in Me and I in him.' Animated thus by the authority of our truth-speaking Master, while we communicate of His Body and Blood, let us boldly confess that we are, as it were, transfused into His Body and that He abides in us—abides in us, I say, not only by unity of will, but by a real union of nature."¹ After further words declarative of belief in the Real Presence, Fulbert continues: "It is time to drive far away all scrupulous doubt, for He who is the giver of the gift is the voucher for its genuineness. It is wicked to doubt whether by like power to that whereby, at a word, all things out of nothingness came into existence, earthly matter, transcending the dignity of its own nature, is changed by the spiritual efficacy of our sacraments into the substance of Christ, since Christ Himself says: 'This is My Body,' and shortly after, 'This is My Blood.' . . . If you believe that God can do all things, it follows that you believe likewise this; nor will you curiously, by human reasonings, stop to discuss whether God can take these creatures which He has been powerful enough to make out of nothing, and convert them into a substance of much nobler nature, into the substance of His own Body." Had Berengarius adhered to this teaching of his master, he would have given the Church no trouble; but it was not only to sound theology such as the above that he had to listen, but also to doctrines that were less safely worded and sometimes incorrectly stated. It would not be a demonstrable proposition if we were to affirm that the revolt of Berengarius was due wholly to a reaction against grosser forms of phraseology which gave the impression of a Capharnaite sense; but from his own words it is clear that he was much offended on this score.

It will produce no confusion of mind, but rather the contrary, if we leave the period with which we are dealing, the first half of the eleventh century, and go on to the twelfth in search of a very telling example of exaggerated insistence upon certain of the characteristics of a natural Body in the Holy Eucharist. The leap over a few decades of years is not likely to land us upon a style of speech that was new; rather we may suppose

¹ Migne, vol. cxli. col. 201.

that it was specifically such as Berengarius found in use when he came across the theological world and entered into conflict with the schools.

In a small treatise, *De Fractione Corporis Christi*, Abbot Abbaudus (*circa* an. 1130) is found defending his own view against an assailant who is by some supposed to have been Abelard. The Abbot's mistake is to turn the unbloody Sacrifice of the altar into something that looks like that awful tragedy, the bleeding Sacrifice of the Cross, though of course he supposes no pain or death on our altars.

"I myself," he says,¹ "when I was young, considered that no intellect of man could at all understand how the earthly substance of bread was changed into the Body of Christ; and accordingly I resolved to believe most firmly on the strength of the Divine power, without inquiring into any details. Afterwards, however, God threw some light on my darkness, so that what before I had held simply by faith I now could see, though but in a mirror, and obscurely as in a riddle. For the Prophet says, 'Unless you have believed you shall not understand.' As regards the matter now in hand, it is true, I do not perceive how one and the same body can be broken and yet remain intact; nevertheless I believe the fact most firmly. . . . And lest to some one else the difficulty of conciliating such apparent opposites as are disintegration and integrity, be a source of disbelief on the plea that nothing like it can be found in Scripture, let the misgiver observe the words of Jesus Christ, written in the Gospel of St. Luke: 'The maiden is not dead but asleep.' He then goes on to say that as there is a contradiction between the fact that she was dead, to which the Evangelist testifies, and the fact that she was not dead, to which the words of Christ bear witness, and yet we accept both statements alike—so we accept alike the statement that the Body of Christ is broken and yet remains unbroken. "But surely the contradiction is greater between death and not death than between being broken and not being broken. For it is much easier to unite again the broken than to raise the dead to life; the former restoration men can sometimes accomplish, the latter only God can ever effect." He further illustrates his meaning from the words of our Lord, that "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living, for they all live unto Him," his argument being that Christ is speaking

¹ Migne, vol. clxvi. col. 1341.

of them "not according to the changeable condition of things as of their own nature they now are, but according to the changelessness which for eternity they will derive from their immutable Creator."

These examples might be all very well if they were merely brought forward to show that Christ may make two statements apparently subversive of each other, and yet not really so: but where they are meant to illustrate how the Body of Christ may be broken and not broken, they tend to produce error by suggesting the two false solutions, that Christ's Body, while undivided in Heaven, is divided on earth, and that the Body, divided now, will have its members reunited afterwards. As a fact, and apart from the consideration of a mystic, sacrificial breaking which all Catholics acknowledge in the Mass, the author gainsays the true statement, that the "accidents" alone of the bread are broken, while the Body remains intact, according to what is sung in the hymn, *Lauda Sion*, "Nulla rei fit scissura." In other words, after all his explanations, Abbaudus closes his treatise with the rejection of the clearly Catholic interpretation of the case, which is, that henceforth, whether within or outside the Sacrament, the Body of Christ is never divided, but exists whole and entire in Heaven and in every place upon earth where the Blessed Sacrament exists. If a Sacred Host be divided and the separate halves carried apart to a great distance, the Body thereby is present in two places instead of in one; but no member is torn away from the other members.

A sumente non concisus,
Non confractus, non divisus,
Integer accipitur.
Sumit unus, sumunt mille;
Quantum isti, tantum ille,
Nec sumptus consumitur.
Fracto demum sacramento,
Ne vacilles, sed memento,
Tantum esse sub fragmento,
Quantum toto tegitur.
Nulla rei fit scissura
Signi tantum fit fractura:
Qua nec status, nec statura
Signati minuitur.¹

¹ An eleventh century expression of the doctrine is found in the *Responsio contra Nicetam Pectoratum*, where it is said, "Nec dubitandum in quantulacumque portione ejus fideles sibi manducare totam vitam, id est, Christum."

In the Passion, therefore, the Body of our Lord can be said to have been physically broken, and to have been sacrificed after a violent, blood-shedding way: in the Sacrifice of the Eucharist this breaking is commemorated and mystically set forth in a true but relative sacrifice without any physical separation other than that of the sacramental species. Hence Abbaudus is very unhappy in his final remark: "I had thoughts of making some reply to those also who say that the Body itself is not broken, but that its whiteness and its roundness are made to suffer a change; but on second thoughts, considering how much out of place it is in the Gospel to discourse about whiteness and roundness, and turning away my ear from those who love such discussions, I give over these topics to dialecticians, or at any rate to children; and I do so all the more because any one can see easily enough that whiteness and roundness cannot be separated from that which is white and round." This impatient, contemptuous dismissal of the dialecticians brought after it the penalty which is often attached to impatience and contempt; the author lost his one chance of finding the solution of which he was in quest. His submission to faith remains very excellent in itself, but it lacks an element of further knowledge which is within reach of Christian dialecticians. "Of a truth," he concludes, "what need has the faith of the faithful man to use roundabout words? Whoever believes, let him declare simply and honestly whether or not the Body of Christ is truly broken by the hands of priests. Let no one, I pray, accuse me of presumption because, I being so small a personage, have dared to write about a thing so great; for since I fell into the imputation of having gone astray in my belief, I could not abstain from defending my faith in a little treatise, however poor." In the matter of theological skill, the work was probably much poorer than the author was aware of, and yet probably not worse than what Berengarius had to listen to from earlier writers. While we condemn, then, let us also pity Berengarius.

Whether Abelard's treatise be really a reply to Abbaudus may be disputed, but at least it is a very clear declaration of the Real Presence.¹ It also introduces a discussion not a little important for the right understanding of what is known as the doctrine of concomitance, and also not a little relevant to the error of Capharnaïtism. The question raised will need a short

¹ Migne, tom. clxxviii. col. 1741, 1742.

introduction. It is a matter not merely of theology in the lecture-halls, but even of more advanced catechism in the school-rooms of the young, to distinguish in the consecration, on the one side, what takes place *by force of the words*, in answer to their direct meaning as words actually operative of that which they signify, and on the other side, what takes place *by force of concomitance*, as an accompaniment of that which is effected by the direct import of the words. Thus, when the priest says, "This is My Body," *by force of the words* we have Christ's Body rendered present, and furthermore, *by force of concomitance*, because in a living, unmaimed man, the soul, the blood, and all that belongs to the integrity of his nature are found wherever the body is found, it follows that we have present the whole Humanity of Christ wherever the Body is present, and also along with it the Divinity, to which it is inseparably united. Similarly, in the Consecration of the Chalice, while the Blood is made present *by the force of the words*, all the rest follows *by force of concomitance*, giving us just the same fulness of treasure under the species of wine which we have under the species of bread. Now the question raised by a passage from Abelard, to which we referred some way back, concerns a detail in the matter of concomitance. The principle of concomitance is that Christ comes as He exists at the time when the words of consecration are pronounced; in illustration of which it is customary to say that if St. Peter had consecrated during the night of the entombment, the Soul would not have followed by concomitance on the summons of the Body; that Christ is now on our altars as He is now in Heaven; not therefore as an Infant, but as a full-grown Man, whatever pious pictures or miraculous legends may incidentally suggest to the contrary; and again, that Christ is now in our Sacrament not with a passible, but with an impassible Body, which having been glorified at the Resurrection remains so ever afterwards. And here precisely the objection with which we are going to deal occurs in a shape like this: If by the law of concomitance Christ always comes as He exists outside the Sacrament at the time of the consecration, ought He not to have come at the Last Supper in the passible state? The reply obviously is, that Christ was not so bound by the law of concomitance, as the fact alone, if nothing else, proves. It was an enormous indignity that even once His Sacred Body should have been torn and wounded up to the point of death: on no other occasion is the like

indignity to occur, not even in a painless form. Some of the results of concomitance may be inevitable: but at least the result suggested as regards passibility at the Last Supper was avoidable and avoided. Manifestly, on such subjects, our conjectures should always be expressed with becoming diffidence, and guided by what is revealed.

Now let us see what Abelard has to say in reference to the question in hand. Towards the close of the chapter already quoted, he writes: "The question is a common one, After what manner did Christ give Himself to the disciples? Was it in a passible or an impassible form? Authority has laid down no definition; but at least we are safe in replying that Christ gave Himself just as He willed. If He willed to give Himself in His immortal state, He could easily have assumed at the time this condition; on the other hand, He could, if He willed, have given Himself in His mortal state, yet so that while He was being crushed between the teeth of communicants, He should not at all be thereby pained or injured; just as upon St. Vincent Martyr He bestowed immunity from feeling in the flesh the torments that were inflicted, a tenth part of which would have taken the life of one not so gifted by God."

We will not pursue the subject further; but some mention of it seemed to be demanded by the nature of our investigation, which has more than once brought us across the Capharnaïtic objection to eating Christ's Flesh and drinking His Blood. How heavily that objection weighed with Berengarius, will appear in our next paper, which will give a sketch of his career as an impugner of the Church's doctrine about the Real Presence in the Sacrament of the Altar.

Père Félix, S.J.

Two years have now elapsed since Père Félix died a holy and happy death at Lille, at the age of eighty-two years. He will not easily be forgotten. Humble religious though he was, he yet forms one of the most striking and sympathetic figures of the century now drawing to its close ; amongst the men of his day, few have exercised a more important and salutary influence upon the age in which he lived. Père Félix was a man of an original mind, and a man of God. He knew how to speak to his contemporaries without engaging in noisy polemics, or mixing too deeply in matters that interest or agitate the world ; it is by his means that just and Christian views of many social questions—the family, education, progress—have been popularized and diffused in France.

Not much is recorded of the childhood and youth of the great preacher. He was born on the 28th of June, 1810, at Neuville l'Escaut (Dept. du Nord), and was the youngest of seven children. His parents, simple, upright, God-fearing people, lived on the produce of a few acres of land which they cultivated, and the proceeds of an unpretending wayside inn, where the carters and bargemen paused for their mid-day rest. At his baptism the boy received the names of Célestin-Joseph ; as he was ten years younger than either of his brothers and sisters, he was naturally much petted by his parents. He was an engaging child too, vivacious, intelligent, and affectionate ; when only seven or eight years old he took the lead among his playfellows, over whom his superior acuteness and love of fun gave him a complete ascendancy. The following story is told of this period of his life :

One day an itinerant vendor of wooden wares passed through the village, calling attention to the goods he offered for sale by a peculiarly harsh, guttural cry. Célestin, at the head of half a dozen youngsters, began to imitate him, echoing the words in exactly the same hoarse, laboured tones. The man encouraged them. " That's right, little masters," he said, good-

humouredly, "you do my work for me. Your lusty young voices will spare my lungs." Thereupon an idea struck Célestin; he started forward. "Are you going far?" he asked. The man mentioned two or three villages in the neighbourhood. "Would you like me to go with you to cry your goods?" the boy inquired. Consent was readily given. "What will you pay me?" was the next question. A sum which to the little fellow seemed munificent was agreed upon, and off went the future orator of Notre Dame, a little in advance of the truck, shouting at the topmost pitch of his voice, "Spoons and platters to sell! bowls and buckets to sell!" Evening came, and Célestin was nowhere to be found. On making inquiries among the village boys, his parents learnt what had become of him, and his father set out in search of him, prepared to administer a severe reprimand. He had not gone far before his little son came running towards him, in the greatest glee, a few sous in his hand. "Look, look," he exclaimed, "I have earned all this money!" He was quite proud of the manner in which he had spent the day.

He often got into disgrace by playing truant from school. One day when his father took him to task for this, "Why do you want me to go to school, father?" he said. "I know more than the master does." This sounds like presumption, but it was not so. A few years later the teacher in question, having to pass an examination, begged his former pupil, then twelve years old, to explain to him some grammatical difficulties, on which he had made shipwreck.

Despite his tiresome ways and mischievous tricks at home or abroad, in the church, and especially when serving on the altar, Célestin was a model of recollection and devotion. Those who witnessed his exemplary behaviour, his unconscious and almost precocious piety, used to ask themselves, What will this child be when he grows up?

Observing that their little son possessed a remarkable aptitude for learning, his parents consulted the Curé of Neuville as to what should be done with him. Célestin was a favourite with the old Abbé, who knew that active, impetuous, somewhat turbulent natures such as his, when carefully trained and conquered, give promise of better things than quiet passive children, who break no rules and give no trouble. He advised M. Félix to place him with the Brothers of Christian Doctrine at Cambrai. The chief difficulty in the way of this plan was

the expense; Cambrai was a long way off, and the child's parents were poor. But M. Félix had a sister-in-law at Cambrai, and negotiations were entered into to induce her to take charge of the boy. His parents undertook to look after his wardrobe, to furnish him with a weekly supply of bread, and to pay a small sum besides. Alas for poor Célestin! The woman in question was known among her relatives by the name of *scold*, on account of her unfortunate temper and the asperity of her tongue, and only too well did she deserve the sobriquet. She took a dislike to the poor child, and made his life under her roof a bitter one through the unkindness of her conduct towards him. Although he was not even allowed to keep the food his parents sent for him, Célestin bore all without a word of complaint. He had the happy art of making the best of adverse circumstances, and as long as he could pursue his studies in peace, he was content.

The first time he came home for the holidays, his parents were astonished and delighted at the progress he had made. He had learnt to sing and to draw, and these wonderful accomplishments created quite a stir in the village. When the inn-parlour was full of guests, his father used to fetch him in, and stand him upon the table, saying proudly, "Now my little lad is going to sing to you." Then, amid the fumes of beer and tobacco, Célestin had to sing the hymns and songs taught to him by the Brothers. His artistic talents were also brought into requisition. The old sign-board had to be repainted. It was embellished by a large tree of remarkably verdant foliage, beneath which the words, *The Greentree Inn*, were inscribed in conspicuous characters. This sign-board is still in existence.

The progress Célestin made under the tuition of the Brothers reached the ears of one of the tutors of the College of Cambrai. He sent for him, and offered to teach him Latin. The proposal was gladly accepted, and so well did the boy profit by his lessons, that shortly after he was admitted into the College, at that time under ecclesiastical direction. It was whilst at Cambrai, in 1824, that he had the misfortune to lose his mother. Her last thought was for the welfare of her darling, her last words were, "What will become of my poor little Célestin?" By a fortunate coincidence, or, we should rather say, by the kind disposition of Providence, just as he was deprived of the watchful care of this fond mother, he was taken into the Lesser Seminary of Cambrai. There he distinguished himself by his

application to study, his piety, his cheerful disposition, and the ease wherewith he distanced nearly all his fellow-students, taking the first place in every class, without however exciting any feeling of jealousy or enmity amongst his unsuccessful rivals. On the contrary, all were proud of his mental gifts, for he endeared himself to them by his kindness of heart. He possessed great facility for the composition of poetry, and on the recurrence of any festival, invariably wrote some verses for the occasion. Whether the strain was grave or gay, it was always in good taste, and not unfrequently sparkled with wit and humour. His home affections meanwhile were as strong as ever ; every vacation was spent at Neuville, and these intervals of leisure were generally employed in giving lessons to the sons of neighbouring farmers, for he was anxious to contribute by any means in his power towards meeting the expenses incurred by his family on his behalf.

In 1830, just as he was moved to the Greater Seminary, his father died. Célestin felt this bereavement keenly. In fact, so dark a shadow did it cast upon his path, that for a time his thoughts turned in the direction of La Trappe, and he nearly resolved to seek a living tomb there. But God had other designs for him ; his life was not to be one of solitude and seclusion. He was to be a burning and a shining light ; to shine brightly for the enlightenment of multitudes, as well as to burn steadily for his own sanctification. He began to practise detachment by relinquishing, for the benefit of the other members of his family, his share of the little inheritance bequeathed to them by their father. This act gave practical proof of his determination thenceforth only to seek the things that are above ; it marks the dawn of the vocation that urged him to follow the evangelical counsels and embrace the religious life.

Appointed by the Bishop of Cambrai to the post of Professor of Classics and Rhetoric in the Lesser Seminary, M. Félix, who had already received minor orders, fulfilled the duties of his office with energy and brilliant success. But in his moments of solitude he heard the whisper of grace calling him elsewhere, and his conviction of the Divine will in his regard was confirmed when one of his fellow-professors left the Seminary to enter the Society of Jesus. On bidding him farewell, this friend said to him, "Something assures me that you will one day follow my example." These prophetic words sank into his heart, and impressed him deeply.

After a retreat at St. Acheul, which he made in view of obtaining light from on high, he offered himself to the Society, and was accepted by the Provincial. On returning to Cambrai, he wrote to his ecclesiastical superiors, asking permission to leave the diocese. To his surprise, no notice was taken of his communication. Accordingly, he ventured to call at the episcopal palace, and ask the Bishop whether a letter he had had the honour to address to him had been received? "Certainly," his lordship replied in a matter-of-fact tone, "but I chose to ignore it." "Why so, Monseigneur?" "Understand that you are to remain in this diocese." "I have had this vocation for six years, Monseigneur, and I beg that you will—" "For six years! Then I must say that for six years we have had every right to call you an ungrateful man. If you wanted to become a Carthusian, or a Trappist, there would be some sense in it—but a Jesuit! What can your object be in becoming a Jesuit? The Jesuits preach and hear confessions; well, you can preach and hear confessions if you stay with us." "But, Monseigneur," the Abbé Félix persisted, "I wish to live under obedience." "I am very glad to hear it," the prelate replied; "you can make a vow of obedience to me, and keep it too. Give up all idea of leaving the diocese. That is all I have to say to you." Thereupon he dismissed the unfortunate postulant, who went away sorrowful.

After that interview, whenever the Bishop chanced to meet him, he invariably remarked that he was glad to see he had settled down at his post, and passed on without allowing him the opportunity to make any rejoinder; and although the Abbé Félix induced influential personages to intercede on his behalf, the answer was always the same. This obduracy on the part of the Bishop discouraged him, but did not deter him from the execution of his project. The voice of grace, speaking in unmistakable accents to the heart of a man of good-will, carries with it a force before which all obstacles must fall. Père Félix resolved to break the bonds which he could not unloose, and to quit his beloved country rather than any longer defer obedience to the Divine inspiration.

On September 29, 1837, he resigned his professorship, and entered the Novitiate at Tronchiennes, near Ghent. He was then twenty-seven years of age. His voluntary exile was not of long duration. To finish his novitiate and begin his course of philosophy, he was sent to St. Acheul, and thence, somewhat

later, to Brugelette. The road to this latter place led him within a short distance of his childhood's home. Fain would he have once more revisited the familiar scenes, but no; he would not expose himself to fresh temptation and struggle. As he drew near, the conflict with his own heart proved more severe than he had anticipated. He could not help looking in the direction of Neuville; the belfry of the village church stood out clear against the blue sky; around it were the trees beneath he used to play; he could even discern the smoke curling upwards from the chimneys of his parental roof. All the tender associations of the past, the happy, innocent memories of bygone days crowded back upon him, clamouring to him to stop, and bid his beloved relatives farewell. Whilst he hesitated, he caught sight of one of his brothers advancing along the road. Instinctively he shrank bank into the shade of the carriage, the driver quickened his pace, and the novice passed on unobserved, repeating to himself the admonition of holy David: "Forget thy people and thy father's house."

Concerning the first years he spent in the Society, little that is noteworthy has been recorded. In 1842 he was ordained priest at Louvain, and after having passed in the most successful manner possible the examinations required by the Rule, he returned to Brugelette to teach rhetoric and philosophy. There Père Félix won all hearts by his simplicity, his talents, his pleasant, easy manners. A Jesuit Father who was then one of his pupils, speaks of his ability as a teacher, of his habitual cheerfulness, and of the readiness he displayed to employ his gifts for the amusement of others. "One of my brothers," he relates, "fell sick just at the commencement of the vacation, and was confined to the infirmary for several days. Père Félix used to sit with him for hours, entertaining him with diverting stories, or by singing songs. These he accompanied in an ingenious manner by causing the bars of the grating of his cell to vibrate with his thumb, thus producing a musical sound not unlike the twang of a guitar."

No sooner did Père Félix begin to preach than he showed himself a master of the art. His originality of thought, easy flow of words, felicitous choice of expression, fascinated his hearers. He was sent to preach in various towns of Belgium, and everywhere he acquired the reputation of an orator of no common order. But it appeared as if his career were to be cut short at the very outset; the fatigue of addressing large

assemblies, in addition to his exertions in the class-room, brought on an affection of the larynx, which threatened to prove very serious. For the sake of medical advice his Superiors sent him to Paris; his fame had preceded him there, and Heaven was besieged with prayers for his cure. The venerable Curé of Notre Dame des Victoires used daily, whilst kneeling at our Lady's altar, to implore his gracious Queen to restore his voice to one who employed it so well in her service. Not so Mgr. Dupanloup. He had read a pamphlet by Père Félix on the Immaculate Conception, and thought that the Superiors of the Society were mistaken in making him a preacher, since his gifts as a writer seemed to be of the first order. When therefore he heard that it was feared Père Félix might lose his voice, he could not conceal his satisfaction. "How wisely Providence arranges all things!" he exclaimed. "Père Félix's fingers were made to hold the pen. He will belong to us now."

To prolong the period of rest required for his recovery, it was thought advisable to send Père Félix to N. D. d'Ay for his tertianship. This last year of probation was hailed by him with gladness. "My third year," he wrote, "which looks so formidable from afar, is for me a happy respite from external occupations. The peaceful seclusion is delightful to me; my mind is calm and serene; holy desires are strengthened within me, I feel nearer to God. I confidently believe a great change will be wrought in me; and though sometimes my heart grows mistrustful, and sadness overshadows my soul, yet in the main hope predominates, and interior joy makes all things bright." A few of the resolutions made by him in the long retreat may be of interest to the reader.

1. In preaching, if that is to be my calling, I resolve that I will rigorously exclude from my sermons every word which can have no other result than that of eliciting admiration.

2. I shall endeavour, whenever it is possible, to submit my sermons to some one for criticism, at least for the first year or two. I shall make a point of doing this because it is an act of humility most repugnant to my nature.

3. I resolve, in preaching to enlarge upon and expound as fully as possible the mystery of Christ crucified.

4. I shall endeavour to make a close study of the Holy Scriptures, in order that my sermons may be imbued with their spirit.

5. I will not choose secular writers as a model on which to form my style as a preacher.

How faithfully these resolutions were adhered to, the Catholics of France, and of almost every country of Europe, can abundantly testify.

For the next two years, Père Félix devoted himself almost exclusively to teaching. In 1850 he preached the Advent and Lent in the Cathedral of Amiens; a discourse from the same pulpit on the feast of the Sacred Heart produced a great sensation. On the conclusion of the sermon, the Bishop embraced him in the presence of the clergy, saying: "Thank God, the faith has now got a fresh champion. Take courage, Father, a great future lies before you." There was no longer any doubt as to his vocation. He was sent to Paris. His preparation had been a long one, and when the warrior stepped into the arena, he was fully equipped for conflict and for conquest.

Père Félix was forty-one years of age when he began to preach in Paris. His first Advent course in the Church of St. Thomas of Aquin was most successful. But it was the Lent of 1852, at Saint-Germain-des-Prés, which made his reputation as an orator. Crowds flocked to hear him.

M. Louis Marquet, who happened to be delivering a course of sermons at the same time in the Church of St. Sulpice, has often been heard to relate that one day, when the time came for him to go into the church, to his surprise the verger did not appear as usual to conduct him to the pulpit. Going in search of that official, he rebuked him somewhat sharply, asking what he was waiting for. "M. l'Abbé," he replied, loftily, "we are waiting for the congregation. From what I hear, it seems you have a formidable rival in a certain Père Félix, who is preaching at Saint-Germain-des-Prés."

Notwithstanding the favour wherewith the rising preacher was regarded, some amount of surprise was felt when Mgr. Sibour, then Archbishop of Paris, nominated him to succeed Lacordaire and de Ravignan in the pulpit of Notre Dame, almost before the sound of their impassioned eloquence had died away in the hallowed precincts of the sanctuary, where so many thousands had hung spell-bound upon their lips. Père Félix accepted the post without hesitation. He took for his subject the principal errors of the age.

It was not, however, until 1855 that he commenced the series of Conferences which were to extend over a period of sixteen successive years, and to immortalize his name. At

that time the Second Empire had reached the apogee of its glory. Its enemies were silenced or defeated, its position was assured; domestic tranquillity, excellent relations with foreign Powers, promised a long era of prosperity and peace. Paris, opulent, brilliant, gay, the metropolis of Europe, the centre of festivities, gave itself up to the pursuit of pleasure, and few eyes had the perspicacity to discern beneath the glittering cloak the sores that were undermining the health of the nation. "Progress" was then a word on everybody's lips; it was the *mot d'ordre* of the day; it was discussed on the public platform, in the lecture-room of the University, in fashionable circles, in the literature and journals that issued from the press. Under its *ægis* the strangest notions, the most extravagant theories, were propounded and defended; and, as might be expected, too often the Catholic Church was covertly, if not openly, stigmatized as the enemy of progress, as an obstacle to the forward march of humanity. Progress, progress by means of Christianity, was the subject Père Félix chose for the theme of his discourses. The choice was a master-stroke. By it the preacher showed himself to be in touch with the spirit of the age; the duty of the Christian apologist is not to ignore the pre-occupations, the errors, the vices of society, but amid the strife of opinions and clash of tongues, to lift up his voice as the simple exponent of Christian faith and practice. Nevertheless, when Père Félix laid before Mgr. Sibour the subject and plan of his Conferences, the prelate regarded this new departure with doubtful approval. Discouraged by the reception he met with, he was about to give up the theses which appeared to him so appropriate to the present time, when one of his friends, a man of great judgment and experience, advised him to go once more to the Archbishop. He did so, and demonstrated so convincingly the wisdom of his choice, and the suitability of the subject to the needs of the day, that the Archbishop assured him of his hearty approbation, and dismissed him with his episcopal benediction. At the first Conference scarcely three hundred persons were present. "I addressed those three hundred," Père Félix said later on, "with the same warmth and fervour as if they had been three thousand."

With every Conference the number of hearers rapidly increased. Never were the Conferences listened to with more respectful attention, never were they better understood or more

fully appreciated. The leading politicians, scientists, savants of the Empire, were to be seen among Père Félix's hearers; all who were present, whether unbelievers or believers, found themselves profoundly impressed; emotions of which they thought themselves incapable were awakened in the hearts of some; many carried away with them sentiments they never felt before of veneration for Christ, for the Church, for the apostle who spoke with a force born of inalterable conviction, for the truths that sounded so incontrovertible when coming from his lips.

Among Père Félix's merits as an orator was the power he possessed of expounding his theses with extreme lucidity, analyzing principles or situations, and deducting their consequences with irresistible and unerring logic; of leading his auditors step by step to the conclusion at which he desired them to arrive; of presenting his arguments in a form which rendered them easy to grasp and to retain. No useless peroration, or mere flowers of rhetoric, marred the force of his eloquence; a rich abundance, not of words, but of ideas that welled up almost too rapidly to find expression, gave a peculiar energy and attractiveness to his style. No sentence, no word, could be called superfluous; each lent its aid with wonderful fitness to the end. His grace of diction and command of language charmed the ear; meanwhile, he knew well how to satisfy the understanding, captivate the imagination, touch the heart. It was moreover impossible not to feel that this eloquent orator was a stranger to worldly ambition and the desire to please, that his single aim was to destroy error and to save souls, to "make doctrine to shine forth to all as the morning light."¹

Too wise to deny the reality or minimize the value of the material progress which was the vaunt of the Second Empire, Père Félix warned his hearers of the dangers that attend temporal prosperity, the danger of forgetting the nature and destiny of man, his responsibility to his Creator, of deposing moral progress from the supremacy which belongs to it by right, of denying to intellectual progress the prominent place that it can justly claim. He defined the nature of true progress, pointed out the obstacles, natural and accidental, with which it must cope, indicated its object, namely, the perfecting of the condition of the individual and of society, and the means whereby alone the desired results can be obtained: in the family by Christian education and the cultivation of domestic

¹ Ecclus. xxiv. 44.

virtue ; in the nation by the maintenance of the just equilibrium between tyranny and licence. He showed that Christianity, far from being hostile to progress, is essential to it ; that it is the means of preventing progress from degenerating into egotism, by purifying man's moral nature and elevating his intellectual powers, by establishing correct ideas regarding the mutual duties and rights of the ruler and the ruled, by ennobling labour, directing science, refining art. He pointed out how immensely Catholicism had contributed to the progress, the culture, the civilization of humanity ; he compared the light shed by revealed truth upon the origin and end of man, upon the nature and immortality of the soul, upon virtue and vice, upon the relation of man to his Creator and his fellow-creatures, with the feeble glimmer derived from the philosophers of antiquity, or the false enlightenment of modern teachers, who construct a system from which the Gospel is excluded.

In 1869, when the period fixed for the Vatican Council was approaching, Père Félix chose as his theme the Church as the chief instrument in moral, intellectual, and material progress. In tones of filial affection he spoke of the Mother who is ever watchful over the welfare of her children, and to whom they cling the more closely the more she is calumniated. It is not our purpose to attempt to epitomize these powerful discourses ; we can but indicate as it were, with a few rough lines, the scaffolding of the edifice.

The Church viewed in herself is a marvel of beauty and grandeur ; viewed in her surroundings, she is a marvel of patient resistance ; viewed in her untiring activity, she is a marvel of prolific action. She is not affected by lapse of time or distance of place ; she triumphs over the sword of the persecutor, the pen of the sophist, the intrigues of her enemies, the pusillanimity of her friends. Everywhere she is the parent of true wisdom, heroic virtue, respect for authority, social tranquillity. Even those who would fain ignore her existence share in her benefits. In every clime under her influence institutions, literature, science, arts, take a new shape, and what is of far greater importance, the hearts of men, the manners of society, are transformed by her touch. This salutary ascendancy is due to her authority ; not alone to the moral authority she derives from the sublimity of her doctrine, the wisdom of her rule, the prestige acquired by centuries of beneficent action and the glory of having survived the cruellest

assaults, but to the inherent right she possesses to our obedience.

Père Félix now had a burning question to handle. In the following year, when he would again ascend the pulpit, the Council would be sitting, and already the probable definition of the Papal Infallibility was the subject of eager discussion. The opinions of Mgr. Darboy, the Archbishop of Paris, were no secret; they were made only too apparent by the manner in which he exerted himself to oppose a formal definition, not even shrinking from an appeal to the secular authority to urge a protest. The orator of Notre Dame, who ought to be the mouthpiece of the Archbishop, was placed in a difficult and delicate position. He hesitated as to the course he should pursue; and in his perplexity, towards the close of 1869, consulted Père Olivaint, the Superior of the Gesù at Paris, as to the advisability of retiring from his post. In his reply, Père Olivaint gave it as his opinion that he ought to preach as usual the following Lent. To withdraw at this moment, he said, would be to give the partisans of certain doctrines an occasion of rejoicing, and this we are by no means desirous of doing. No subject could be more opportune at this juncture than that of the Papal authority; you are so well prepared to treat it in the best possible manner, it is of such vast importance that this should be done from the pulpit of Notre Dame, and it would besides be so lamentable were the standard of the Society to be furled at the very time and in the very place that the conflict is hottest, that, since we have no manifest sign that Providence wills that you should relinquish your post, I do not see you have any right to do so of your own free-will.

These counsels prevailed. With the simple courage which is the offspring of humility, the preacher ascended the pulpit, and, in a series of magnificent sermons, established the authority of the Church, that magisterial authority which exasperates human pride because it supposes infallibility, and her claim to legislate, a claim rebels may resist, but which none can compel her to abdicate. Finally, he fearlessly upheld the prerogatives of the Holy See, and proclaimed and expounded the dogma that the Œcumenical Council was about to promulgate. By doing so, he forfeited the privilege of addressing an audience which for many years had listened to him with unabated interest and unvarying attention. He made the sacrifice. The letter which he wrote to Mgr. Darboy, respectfully resigning the post

that he had confided to him, was never answered. This was due, probably, to the rapidity wherewith the disastrous events of the time succeeded one another, culminating in the massacre of the victims of the Commune, amongst whom, as is well known, both Père Olivaint and the venerable Archbishop were numbered. After the Lent of 1870, Père Félix never was seen again in the pulpit of Notre Dame, nor did he often revisit Paris.

Two years later he received a recompense which, although somewhat tardy, must have gladdened the heart of the orator, a Brief from Pius IX. complimenting him on his Conferences, thanking him in graceful terms for his able defence of the Papacy, and conferring on him his Pontifical benediction.

In speaking of his apostolic work, we must not omit to mention the yearly Paschal retreat for men which terminated his Lenten course, and formed as it were the practical conclusion to his exhortations. This portion of his ministerial labours was one in which his soul rejoiced. His addresses on these occasions are by some preferred to the Conferences; they display all the special characteristics of his style as an orator, and are pregnant with fervour and apostolic zeal. He prepared himself for them by a thorough study of the Spiritual Exercises; never were his words more forcible, more winning, more persuasive; never did he appear more completely master of his subject, more sure of his hearers, more capable of holding and dominating them. The audience was worthy of the preacher. During Holy Week between two and three thousand men—for the most part men of education and influence—day by day thronged around the pulpit; and on Easter Day, having cleansed their consciences in the tribunal of Penance, might be seen to approach the Holy Table with reverent devotion. The most consoling results attended these retreats in the conversion of unbelievers, the reformation of lukewarm Catholics, the confirmation of many whose faith was wavering.

Now and again Père Félix received the most flattering expression of admiration, esteem, and gratitude for the services he rendered to the Church and to individual souls, from men of note in the literary and religious world, such as Lacordaire, Montalembert, Louis Veuillot, Le Play, the Prince de Broglie, and many others. These eulogiums failed to evoke any sentiments of pride or vainglory in his breast. He remained simple, unassuming, accessible to all. Canon Delauttre, who was

Superior of the Seminary at Cambrai when Père Félix was a student there, never ceased to watch his career with paternal interest and solicitude. One day he called on him in Paris. "Well," he said, "I have heard of the success of your sermons; tell me, how is it with your humility?" "Oh, M. le Supérieur," replied his former pupil, taking both his hands in a warm grasp, "never until now was I truly conscious of my own misery and nothingness!" "So much the better," the servant of God rejoined, "I am delighted to hear it." And he took his departure, his countenance beaming with joy and consolation.

One instance of the good effected at a distance by means of the Conferences, must be mentioned here, as the testimony comes from a quarter whence it might least be expected. The chaplain of the convict establishment in French Guiana wrote to Père Félix: "I cannot refrain, Rev. Father, from expressing my thanks to you for the edification afforded to the unhappy criminals under my charge by your Lenten Conferences. On their reaching me in their printed form, I had some extracts made from those of this year (1860), under my own supervision, for the benefit of the convicts. Some of the more educated among them were employed in copying them. I wish you could have heard the exclamations that escaped their lips as they wrote: 'Oh, how true that is! . . . That is my own story! . . . Would that I could see the man who wrote this. How can he know it all so well? . . . What a beautiful passage! Alas, if I had read this ten years ago, I should not be here now. Father, may I take this to read to my mates?' Then he read aloud: 'The man who has no home is generally a man to be feared. He feels himself to be a unit, and conceives a hatred to society because he believes it is to blame for his isolation. No tie unites him to his country or his fellow-men,' &c. The outcasts of Paris, by whom the convict ranks are largely recruited, recognize their own features in the portrait you trace."

Père Félix's active zeal was not content with delivering the annual Lenten course at Notre Dame. In addition, he invariably preached the Advent in one or other of the large towns of France or Belgium, besides occasional sermons in Paris and elsewhere. Almost all the good works and religious institutions sought and obtained his patronage and assistance. Sometimes he was solicited to appeal to public charity on their behalf, sometimes to give retreats or instructions to the inmates. To the *Religieuses de la Retraite* he proved himself a steadfast

friend. His connection with this community was of long standing. As early as 1847 he gave them a retreat which was ever memorable in the convent annals. He was then not known as a preacher, and all who heard him were no less surprised than delighted by his simple, sublime, and earnest eloquence. One of the religious took the liberty of telling him that it was scarcely necessary, for the sake of so small and insignificant an audience, to take so much pains and exert himself so much. His reply bears evidence to his humility. "My Superior, when he sent me here, said to me, 'Do your best; it will not be anything very great after all.' I am only obeying the injunction laid upon me."

Like all men who have attained notoriety, Père Félix was beset with applications of every kind for counsel and help. Often these appeals had reference to matters either temporal or spiritual, the most ordinary and unimportant, even frivolous in their nature. Yet to each and all he gave patient consideration and, as far as possible, a satisfactory answer. When, in 1867, he was appointed Superior of the house at Nancy, his removal from Paris was greatly regretted. At Nancy his arrival was hailed with delight, every one was desirous of hearing the great preacher who had come into their midst. Those who were brought into personal contact with him were pleased by his unfeigned simplicity and kindness of heart, his prepossessing manners, his playful sallies, and, in grave moments, his depth of thought. To the timid he was always encouraging. One day a country *curé* called at the house to request that one of the Fathers might be sent to give a mission in his parish. The porter asked him in, saying that the Rector would see him. The simple *curé* was aghast. "What," he exclaimed, "do you think a poor village priest like me would venture to disturb the Père Félix? Pray do not trouble him to come down." "Do not be alarmed," the Brother rejoined. "Père Félix is no such formidable personage as you imagine. Step into the parlour." The *curé* soon forgot his fears; he was delighted with the kindness of his reception, the courtesy and affability of the great man. At the next clerical conference he entertained his colleagues with an account of the interview, emphasizing especially the deep interest Père Félix had taken in all the little affairs of his parish.

On another occasion, Père Félix having preached a novena in a country town, the municipality voted a sum of money to be

presented to him in token of their gratitude. The head priest took it to him. "My dear Father," he began, "our town council has requested me to hand over to you this sum of money. I am ashamed to offer it you, it is so small as to be quite unworthy of your acceptance. But I must remind you how many charitable institutions we have to support." "I perfectly understand," replied Père Félix, with a smile. "I beg you will keep this money for your local charities, and allow me to add a trifling donation to it." The worthy priest went away happy, saying to himself what a wonderful power these clever men have of reading one's thoughts. From this it will be seen that the great orator was a true son of St. Ignatius, and knew how to make himself all things to all men.

The celebrity he had attained by his apostolical labours, and the homage paid on all sides to his talent, had not spoilt Père Félix for community life. On the contrary, he was much beloved by his brethren in religion, on account of his cheerful disposition, equable temper, childlike candour, and amiability. He was almost too ready to praise and admire what others had done, and often credited them with talents they did not in reality possess. Of himself he thought nothing. It is related that once, returning from a visit to the Black Forest, he brought with him a cuckoo-clock which had been given to him. No child could have been more pleased with a new plaything. He hastened to fix it on the wall of his cell, and then with naïve delight called in all the Fathers in turn to admire the graceful action of the little bird, when it issued from the tiny door to proclaim the hour in its musical tones. But night came, and the cry of the charming little bird prevented Père Félix from getting any rest. Early the next morning he called to one of the Fathers, and said to him: "Do take away this intolerable creature. I have not shut my eyes all night." "I knew," the Father replied, "that you would not keep it long. The cuckoo is not fit company for the eagle." Père Félix did not in the least understand this complimentary allusion; it had to be elaborately explained to him.

At another time a religious, with somewhat questionable taste, said to him: "Father, I have just read a most laudatory account of your last course of sermons. Is it a correct report?" "Read me the article," he replied, "and I will tell you whether it is true. Yes," he added, when the reader had done, "that is quite right; there was a very good congregation, and the people

were very much pleased." Père Félix could afford to speak thus, because in nothing did he seek himself. *Ad maiorem Dei gloriam* was the motto of his life and the mainspring of his actions.

As time went on his energy and zeal appeared undiminished. Every year he preached the Lent in one of the chief centres of France; everywhere the same success crowned his labours, and many sheaves were gathered into the celestial garner. To enumerate even a part of the retreats, triduums, and isolated sermons he preached, would oblige us to traverse the whole map of France. Throughout the whole of his long life he consecrated to the salvation of souls the robust health wherewith nature had endowed him, and the mental powers which he retained unclouded to the last. Only at one period was it feared that his physical strength and intellectual vigour were forsaking him. It was after the decrees had been published which required the expulsion of the Society of Jesus. Père Félix felt this blow keenly, so much so that the sorrow it caused him had the effect of enfeebling him for a time both in mind and body. After the Jesuits had been driven from their house, he accepted the hospitality offered him in a private residence, and his friends remarked with grief the alteration in his health and spirits. At this juncture, most providentially it happened that he was invited to preach the Advent at Copenhagen. He went thither, attended by a lay-brother. The inhabitants, Protestant as well as Catholic, vied with one another in showing him every mark of respect; the churches where he preached were densely thronged. This visit to Denmark made a new man of him: it might be truly said of him that his youth was renewed as the eagle's. In February of the following year he returned to Paris with restored powers. Those who heard him preach said his sermons lacked nothing of the vigour, the elevation, the delicacy of thought and expression which characterized his finest orations. He was then over seventy years old.

On returning to Nancy, he took up his abode in the outskirts of the town, in the house of the Brothers of St. Charles. The seclusion and solitude pleased him. He devoted his leisure to writing, and to revising and preparing for the press the Conferences and Retreats preached at Notre Dame. Although preaching was the great work of his life, he was far from underrating the value of books as a means of propagating the truth. *La Parole et le livre*, he was fond of saying; the

apostolate of the spoken word is of a more transitory character than that of the written word ; the pen of the writer must second the voice of the orator, and give permanence to what his lips have uttered. It was with this idea that he founded the *Œuvre de St. Michel*, and furthered its growth and development. Each year a meeting of the Association was held in Paris, at which some ecclesiastic of high position took the chair ; Père Félix read a report of what had been done, and incited the committee to fresh exertions. Scarcely a year before he died, he went to Paris for the purpose of reorganizing the work, and assuring its vitality in the future by placing it under the presidency of one who was well qualified to promote the interests he had at heart. During his sojourn there, he delivered an address to the ladies who were patronesses of the work, the last they ever heard from his lips, into which he threw his whole soul. Several of his hearers said that until then they had conceived no adequate idea of the extent and the amount of good to be done by useful books. One thought struck them particularly. Referring to the International Exhibition, then held in Paris, Père Félix asked in his forcible manner : "What are all the marvels of art and industry collected from every part of the world for, merely human ends, in the interests of trade, or for the gratification of human pride, compared with some unpretending little book by which a single soul is stimulated to make an act which renders it more like to God? And this wondrous transformation of an immortal soul, this triumph of Divine grace, in presence of which the masterpieces of human genius and human skill shrink into insignificance, it is the object of the Association of St. Michel to be instrumental in producing."

In 1883 he was nominated Superior of the House at Lille. Summoned thus by the call of authority to spend his declining years in the immediate vicinity of the scenes where his youthful days were passed, he obeyed with alacrity. In this new sphere the activity he displayed was astonishing. His voice was not enfeebled by the lapse of time, his ardour was not diminished, nor did the stream of his eloquence flow less freely. It had long been his habit to decline invitations to speak at banquets, at political or literary reunions, but whenever it was a question of drawing souls to the knowledge and love of God, of guiding them in the way of justice, nothing but the stress of engagements led him to refuse to appear in parish church or convent chapel, at the workmen's club or apprentices' *Patronage*.

In 1886 his Superiors thought fit to relieve him of the burden of government; and that same year he celebrated his jubilee. The little festival was rendered more interesting by the fact that Père Besse, who had been his fellow-student and friendly rival in the Seminary at Cambrai, also kept on the same day and in the same place, the fiftieth anniversary of his life in the Society. For many years he had worked indefatigably and successfully amongst the miners: and now when the ministerial labours of each were drawing to a close, the two veteran apostles were reunited in the same cordial friendship which had existed previous to the commencement of those labours.

Père Félix's first sermon, preached at Brugelette, was a panegyric of St. Aloysius; the glories of the same Saint inspired his tongue when he ascended the pulpit for the last time, at Lille, on the 21st June, 1890. After that day his physical forces sensibly declined; he could not walk the shortest distance, nor could he prolong his attendance in the confessional without experiencing extreme fatigue. Before availing himself of the most ordinary and trivial exemptions which the weight of years and increasing infirmities warranted him in claiming, he was always most scrupulous in asking the permission of his Superiors. The Father Minister used to say that it edified him much, and often made him feel quite confused, when the aged religious went to him, and in the simplest and humblest manner, enumerated the various occasions on which he had been compelled to depart from the common rule, and expressed his sincere regret that he could no longer do as his fellow-religious did.

In the commencement of January, 1891, he caught a cold which was followed by a severe attack of pneumonia. It was thought advisable to administer to him the last sacraments; he received them with touching humility and devotion. He rallied, however, shortly after, but not sufficiently ever again to leave the house. For nearly six months more his sojourning on earth was to be prolonged, and it was during this period that the virtues he had acquired in the course of his long life showed themselves in their full beauty. Of him it could not be said: "Thou that teachest another, teachest not thyself;" it could not be alleged that he remained at the foot of the mountain which he had so eloquently exhorted others to climb. With perfect serenity and submission he awaited the approach

of death. Only one thing he could have wished otherwise. From time to time he turned his eyes in the direction of a box standing in a corner of his room, which contained his unedited MSS. "If any element of regret," he would say, "could mingle with my resignation to the will of God, it would be because I have not had time to prepare for publication the remainder of my Conferences. I hoped that some little good might yet be effected by them, as a handful of ears are gleaned from the harvest-field after the reaper's work is done."¹

For the last three months of his life Père Félix was unable to say Mass. Although it had long been foreseen that death was not far distant, his end may almost be called sudden. On the 6th July he received Holy Communion as usual. Afterwards he was heard to thank our Lord for having granted him to live and die in the Society that is called by His holy name. He then asked for the last absolutions, and after devoutly kissing the crucifix, repeatedly uttered the name of Jesus. With this loved word upon his lips he peacefully expired, and entered upon the life everlasting which Wisdom promises that they that explain her shall have.

His remains were interred in the cemetery at Neuville, the priest of the parish having solicited as a favour that the last resting-place of the illustrious preacher might be in the village where he had been born.

The epitaph upon his grave runs as follows :

HIC JACET IN DOMINO CHRISTI MILESQUE, COMESQUE,
JOSEPHUS FELIX CORDE, LABORE PIUS :
QUI FELIX CHRISTUM DOCUIT, FELIX ET AMAVIT.
NUNC FELIX CHRISTUM CUNCTA PER ÆVA TENET.

ELLIS SCHREIBER.

¹ His printed Conferences fill eighteen volumes. Of these only six were published at the time of his death. They have been translated into several European languages.

*The Gordon Riots.*¹

MOST Catholics know by name the Gordon Riots ; those of us who are readers of Dickens know something of their history from the brilliant pages of *Barnaby Rudge* ; but I think that few of us recognize in these riots the last great persecution of the Catholic Church in England. They originated in the first great abolition of the penal laws ; and from that day to this English Catholics have more and more won back their personal and civic rights, together with the respect and toleration of their fellow-citizens. From time to time, as at the restoration of the Hierarchy in England forty-three years ago, Protestant malice has displayed itself in bursts of noisy rhetoric ; but the Gordon Riots are the last instance of a great popular agitation against the Catholic Church, culminating in outrage and desecration. And because this is so, I have tried to put together an account of the Gordon Riots, compiled for the most part from contemporary records.

Catholics can easily admire the splendid virtues of faith and steadfastness displayed by the Blessed Thomas More, Lord Chancellor, by the Blessed John Fisher, Cardinal and Bishop, and by their fellow-sufferers at the Reformation : martyrdom compels our admiration. But we easily forget the quiet courage of our Catholic forefathers up to the present century ; they were not persecuted unto death, but they lived daily under the shadow of death ; their lives were made a burden and a torment, yet they endured that daily, lifelong infliction of miseries, great and small, which is almost harder to bear than the sudden agony of martyrdom and death. It will be enough if I do but give a rough list of some of the penal laws in force against Catholics, from the times of the Reformation, up to the outbreak of the Gordon Riots.

- (1) No Catholic nobleman might sit in the House of Lords.
- (2) No Catholic gentleman might sit in the House of Commons.

¹ A Lecture given at the St. George's Students' Union, Southwark.

(3) No Catholic might vote at elections. (4) A Catholic had to pay double taxes, unless he turned Protestant. (5) No Catholic might hold any public office. (6) No Catholic might present to any living in the Established Church, though Jews were allowed to do so. (7) Catholics who stayed away from Protestant worship were fined £20 a month. (8) No Catholic might keep arms for self-defence, nor bring a lawsuit, nor be a guardian, nor an executor, nor a lawyer, nor a doctor, nor travel five miles from his house: all under heavy penalties. (9) A Catholic woman, married to a Protestant, forfeited two-thirds of her dowry, unless she attended her husband's Church, and she was liable to imprisonment at any time, unless ransomed by her husband at £10 a month. (10) Any four magistrates might compel a Catholic convicted of not attending Protestant worship to turn Protestant on penalty of banishment out of England for life. If he dared to return, he was hanged. (11) Any two magistrates might at any time summon any Catholic over sixteen; should he refuse to turn Protestant, and persist for six months in his refusal, he was declared incapable of possessing land, and his lands were confiscated to the nearest Protestant heir. (12) No such Catholic might buy land, and all contracts made by him were null and void. (13) Any Catholic who employed a Catholic schoolmaster in his family, was fined £10 a month, besides £2 a day on account of the schoolmaster. (14) Any Catholic who sent his child to a Catholic school abroad, was fined £100, and the child was disqualified from inheriting, from buying, and from holding any property whatsoever. (15) Any priest who was convicted of saying Mass was fined £120; any one convicted of hearing Mass was fined £60. (16) Any priest who returned from exile and did not turn Protestant within three days, was liable to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. (17) Any one who became a Catholic, or induced another to become a Catholic, was liable to be hanged, drawn, and quartered.

Under these mild and pleasant laws lived the Catholics of England in the last century; the Catholics of Ireland suffered far worse things, a penalty for her greater fidelity to the Catholic faith. It is true that these barbarous laws were not always enforced; public opinion, common charity, could not stand the infliction of death; but the lesser penalties were constantly inflicted, and every Catholic lived with these swords over his head, in a state of perpetual apprehension. The worst

danger came from informers ; those of us who have the good fortune, and also the misfortune, to be Irish, know what that implies. In many cases a distant Protestant relative, holding no intercourse with his Catholic kinsmen, was tempted to possess himself of their estates by giving information of some breach of these monstrous laws, and the magistrates were bound, however unwillingly, to act. It was because some of these laws, by no means the greater number or the most severe, were done away, that the Gordon Riots broke out, and that London was nearly burnt to the ground to the tune of "No Popery" and "Down with the Papists." So much by way of preface.

Upon the 1st of May, 1778, the English Catholics, in view of the proposed Bill for their relief, presented a petition to King George III. "We beg leave," they said, "to assure your Majesty that we hold no opinions repugnant to the duties of good citizens." It was perfectly true, the English Catholics were a small and peaceable body ; as Burke said, they were "enough to torment, but not to fear ;" and he estimates their numbers, of all ages and conditions, at less than 50,000. A few days after the presentation of the petition two leading members of the House of Commons, Sir George Savile and Mr. Dunning, introduced a Bill for the relief of Catholics. It was a very harmless Bill in the eyes of all intelligent Protestants ; priests were no longer to be punished for officiating or for teaching : the estates of Catholics educated abroad were no longer liable to confiscation by the nearest Protestant heir ; no Protestant might any more seize upon his Catholic kinsman's estate ; Catholics might in future inherit property of all kinds. These were very elementary privileges, and Mr. Dunning called the refusal of them so long, "a disgrace to human nature." Sir George Savile said that he knew of Catholics constantly black-mailed by informers. The Bill was passed, almost unanimously, in both Houses ; all the leading politicians spoke in its favour, including Thurlow, afterwards Lord Chancellor, and Henry Dundas, Lord Advocate for Scotland. The only speaker against the Bill was the Bishop of Peterborough, who professed Liberal principles, but forgot them where Catholics were concerned.

The Bill did not apply to Scotland, since it repealed clauses of a statute passed in William III.'s time, before the legislative union of England and Scotland ; but Dundas promised to intro-

duce a Bill repealing some of the penal laws against Scotch Catholics. Everything looked calm, but towards the end of the year an uproar arose in Scotland. The Presbyterian Synod in Glasgow resolved to oppose any Bill that might be introduced for the relief of Catholics: at Edinburgh, and elsewhere, special Protestant associations were formed. Newspapers and sermons were full of Protestant denunciations, Catholics were insulted in the streets, and threatened at home. Dr. Robertson, the distinguished historian, was specially abused for his toleration of Catholics. At last the Protestant associations found a worthy leader in the notorious Lord George Gordon. This fanatic was the youngest son of the Duke of Gordon, and born in 1750; he was therefore only twenty-eight years of age; George II. was his godfather. He began his career as a midshipman in the navy at the time of the American Revolution, but he quarrelled with the authorities about his promotion, and left the service. He was elected member for a small Wiltshire town in 1774; at first he was silent, but soon became known for the vehemence of his No Popery harangues. It was a witticism of the day that there were three parties in the State, the Ministry, the Opposition, and Lord George Gordon. Horace Walpole called him "the lunatic apostle;" and he also speaks of his "loose morals," whilst Hannah More, a very different sort of person, calls him "very debauched." He was very tall, very thin, very sallow, with very high cheekbones and very long, lank, red hair; he wore spectacles, trousers of red tartan plaid, and a black velvet coat. His speeches were simply ravings, for example: "If His Majesty does not keep his coronation oath, we will do more than abridge his revenues, we will cut off his head." It was his firm belief that George III., of all men, was a Catholic. In the House of Commons no notice was taken of him, but he created immense enthusiasm throughout the country, and most of all in Scotland, where next year, in 1779, riots broke out. The houses and property of Catholics were destroyed, and their persons insulted and assaulted. At Edinburgh handbills were distributed crying out against "the Pillar of Popery;" that is to say, a house nearly built at Leith, with a room in it used for Mass. It was burned to the ground, the inhabitants escaping with difficulty. The magistrates did nothing.

Jack Wilkes, the celebrated demagogue, infidel, rake, and wit, who throughout the riots behaved admirably, asked Dundas what had become of his Bill for the relief of Scotch Catholics?

Dundas replied, that the Scotch Catholics had asked him to drop it, for fear of the Protestant uproar, which it would excite. They forwarded a petition to Parliament praying for redress: Burke presented it: Lord North, the Prime Minister, was fast asleep as usual, while Burke spoke, blaming the Government for its indolence. "Behold," said he, "what I have said again and again; the Government, if not defunct, at least slumbers: brother Lazarus is not dead, only sleepeth." The Protestant associations grew in confidence, and Lord George formed similar associations in England, with branches all over the country. He continued to rant about his tens of thousands of followers, and I think it clear that, weak and foolish by nature, the sense of power turned his brain. We have come to the great year of the riots, 1780. Gordon's first step was to procure an interview with George III., whom he believed to be a Catholic, and upon that unlucky monarch he inflicted a long Irish Protestant pamphlet about the errors of Popery. He began to read it at mid-day: he had not finished it by sunset; so Walpole tells the story. It had no effect upon the King; at least, none of a political nature. The Government began to be alarmed at the violence of popular feeling against the Catholics; and, to soothe them, a Bill for the relief of Protestant Dissenters had been passed: a similar policy to the Declaration of Indulgence by James II. It was of no use. Lord George delivered inflammatory speeches every day, and was busily engaged in getting signatures to a monster petition to Parliament against the Catholics. Advertisements were put up all over London, and handbills littered about the streets. The petition, in the course of many weeks, was signed by thousands. At the end of May, Lord George held a meeting of the Protestant association in the Coachmaker's Hall. The great room was crowded.

Lord George promised to present the petition on June 2nd. It was resolved, that the association should meet on that day in St. George's Fields, Southwark, wearing blue cockades in their hats, as an outward and visible sign of true Protestants. Lord George declared, that unless 20,000 men at least assembled, he would not present the petition. On Friday, June 2nd, at ten o'clock, they met in St. George's Fields, which were then an entirely open space, including the site of the St. George's Catholic Club, and of the head-quarters of the Catholic Truth Society. The lowest estimate of their numbers gives them as 50,000; the highest, at 100,000. A newspaper of the day, the

London Courant, remarked that it was "a glorious and most affecting spectacle, to see such numbers of our fellow-citizens advancing in the cause of Protestantism, so meanly and infamously deserted." A few days later, the same newspaper did not think it half so glorious and affecting a spectacle, when these true blue Protestants had nearly burned London to the ground, for the honour and glory of Protestantism. Crowds joined the ranks of the association for mere fun or mischief's sake. Gordon was received with enthusiasm, and made a silly speech. The mob was divided into three divisions, which crossed the river by three bridges to meet at the Houses of Parliament, a distance, as the Obelisk in the Blackfriars Road informs us, of one mile. The main body crossed over London Bridge, and proceeded through Temple Bar to Westminster, six abreast. The great petition, with 120,000 signatures to it, mostly marks, was carried before them by a porter. The Government had taken no precautions: there were, of course, at that time no police, but only a few old and feeble watchmen. No special constables were sworn in, no troops were in readiness, as they were in 1848, when the great Chartist assembly was held, nearly upon the same spot. The mob advanced to Palace Yard and took possession of the open space, before the Houses met in the afternoon. The House of Lords met to consider a motion by the Duke of Richmond, for annual Parliaments and universal franchise; a singularly inappropriate time at which to move such measures. Thurlow, now Lord Chancellor, was ill; and Lord Mansfield, the great Judge, took his place.

Lord Mansfield was at this time most unpopular, because he had lately directed a jury to acquit a Catholic priest accused of the monstrous crime of saying Mass. His carriage drew up to the yard, the windows were immediately broken, and the old man, and great lawyer, was howled at as a "notorious Papist," his robes torn, his wig dishevelled; the Archbishop of York who had previously succeeded in entering the House, after his lawn sleeves had been torn off and thrown in his face, rushed single-handed into the mob and rescued Lord Mansfield. The Judge took his seat upon the woolsack, "trembling," we are told, "like an aspen." The Bishop of Lincoln, the Lord Chancellor's brother, had his carriage smashed to pieces: half fainting, he fled into a neighbouring house and escaped over the roof in a woman's dress. Lord Bathurst, President of the Council, had his wig pulled off, and was jeered at by the mob as "the Pope," and

"an old woman:" the mob thus splitting in two, as Walpole wittily remarked, the Protestant notion of Pope Joan. The Duke of Northumberland had with him in his carriage his secretary, a gentleman in black: the mob raised the cry of "Jesuit." The Duke was dragged out, rolled on the ground, and robbed, on the best Protestant principles, of his watch and purse. Meanwhile, inside the House of Lords, prayers were read, and business began; when, as the Duke of Richmond was speaking, Lord Montfort burst into the House, and in a breathless voice begged to inform their lordships, that Lord Boston was being killed by the mob. It was suggested that the Lords should sally forth in a body to his rescue, the Lord Chancellor at their head with the mace; but the Chancellor objected. A contemporary account says: "At this instant it is hardly possible to conceive a more grotesque appearance than the House of Lords presented. Some of their lordships with their hair about their shoulders, others smutted with dirt, most of them as pale as the ghost in *Hamlet*, and all of them standing up in their places and speaking all at once." Some proposed to send for the Guards, the Justices, or the Magistrates: outside, the mob was yelling and shouting. This lasted half an hour; then Lord Boston staggered in, half dead, his clothes in rags. The mob had taken him for a Catholic, and threatened to cut the sign of the Cross upon his forehead. He escaped by cleverly contriving to engage the ringleaders in a violent controversy among themselves, whether or no the Pope was Antichrist: in the heat of it he got away. The Lords summoned the Middlesex magistrates before them: they said they had no orders, and that they had only been able to collect eight constables. At eight o'clock the House adjourned, and the Peers slunk home in the dark.

In the House of Commons things had been far worse; the mob burst into the lobbies of the House itself, shouting, "No Popery." Lord George, seconded by a certain Alderman Bull, presented the great petition, and moved that it should be at once considered in committee. Others moved to consider it on Tuesday, the 6th. But the question was undecided, because the division lobbies were held by the mob, and votes could not legally be taken without a division. Lord George, from time to time, harangued his followers, inflaming them: "There is Mr. Burke," said he, "the member for Bristol, speaking against you;" and "Do you know that Lord North calls you a mob?"

The mob increased in fury and kicked at the doors. Lord North sent privately for a detachment of the Guards. Colonel Holroyd told Lord George he once thought him a fool, he now knew him a knave; and if he said another word to the mob, he should move for his committal for Newgate. Colonel Murray, Gordon's cousin, said: "My Lord George, do you really mean to bring your rascally adherents into the House of Commons? If you do, the first man that enters, I will plunge my sword, not into his body, but into yours." Gordon was daunted, and retired to the dining-room, where he fell asleep, listening to the moral exhortations of the chaplain. In Gordon's absence the mob in the lobbies grew quiet; outside, gentlemen tried to allay the uproar by conciliatory speeches from the balconies of the neighbouring houses. In this way time was gained for the arrival at nine o'clock of Mr. Addington, a magistrate, with a party of Horse Guards. He told the people that he meant them no harm; if they would disperse, so would the soldiers. At this hundreds of the mob went away, giving three cheers for Mr. Addington. A party of Foot Guards meanwhile cleared the lobbies, and the House was able to divide. Eight votes were given for Gordon's proposal to consider the petition at once, 194 against it; and the House adjourned till Tuesday. The magistrates and soldiers went home, thinking that all was over. Both Lords and Commons bore their insults, says Dr. Johnson, with great tameness.

But large parties of the rioters that night attacked the Sardinian Catholic Chapel at Lincoln's Inn Fields, and the Bavarian Chapel in Warwick Street, two of the very few licenced Catholic chapels belonging to foreign ambassadors. These they burned to the ground. Fire-engines were sent for, but the mob prevented them from being used. The furniture of the Sardinian Chapel was burnt on a public bonfire in the streets. When it was nearly over a party of soldiers arrived and captured thirteen men. Next morning, Saturday, the town was apparently quiet: the House of Lords met and passed Lord Bathurst's motion to prosecute the authors and abettors of the riots. The same evening there was a little rioting in Moorfields; then, as now, a very Catholic quarter. But on the following Sunday afternoon, serious rioting took place there; yet Kennett, the Lord Mayor, locked himself up in the Mansion House, and did nothing. All the Catholic chapels and houses in the district were burnt; the altars, tabernacles, vestments,

and so forth, being thrown upon a great bonfire. On Monday afternoon the Privy Council met, and offered a reward for the discovery of the rioters at the Sardinian Chapel, but still took no more energetic steps. The seriousness of the riots was entirely under-estimated.

The riots increased, and the cockades were seen on all sides; the chapels in Wapping and Smithfield were burnt, and the houses of those who had dared to give evidence against the rioters were plundered. The chief object of attack was the house of Sir George Savile, the mover of the Catholic Relief Bill, in Leicester Fields, now Leicester Square; it was carried by storm, and plundered. The furniture of the chapels was burned in triumph before Lord George's house in Welbeck Street. That dangerous lunatic began to be afraid of his work and of his followers, and he issued a notice disavowing the riots, in the name of the Association. Burke, the great statesman, who favoured Catholic Relief, had to take refuge in the house of General Burgoyne, and he speaks with the deepest grief and shame of the infamous outbreak, which compelled him and his fellow-statesmen to pass the nights guarding each other's houses. At six o'clock that evening, both Houses of Parliament met. Foot Guards were drawn up in Westminster Hall to overawe the mob. Two hundred Members of the House of Commons were present, Lord George among them, wearing the blue cockade. Whereupon Colonel Herbert said to him, that if he did not take it out, he would do it for him. Lord George pocketed his cockade. Burke had been surrounded by the rioters, but had pacified them. In the House he made what he considered his finest speech, in which he spoke of "that base gang called the Protestant Association." General Conway moved that the petition be considered when the tumults had subsided, and the House agreed. The rioters went off to attack the Prime Minister's house in Downing Street, but soldiers were on guard, and repulsed them. That day and night were the worst of all. The mob, says Gibbon the historian, "held the town; 40,000 Puritans, such as they might be in the time of Cromwell, had started out of their graves." The honest fanatics had mostly retired, and the huge mob consisted of the most brutal blackguards. In addition to the cockades, they now sported thick oak cudgels, and, though exact details are hard to find, it is certain that they acted under the secret instructions of men whose motives were

more political than religious. Rumours of Papist invasion had been industriously circulated. Lord George became a mere cipher. That evening at six, came the famous destruction of Newgate, preceded by burnings and plunderings all down Long Acre and Holborn. Blake, the great poet and painter, was forced along with the rioters in their tumultuous advance, and obliged to witness the burning of Newgate. Most of us, I suppose, know what Newgate is like ; I mean, of course, from the outside ; but the Newgate of 1780 was not the Newgate which now stands unused. It had been to a great extent rebuilt in that year, at a cost of £140,000, and was a place of immense strength, holding about three hundred prisoners. The mob ostensibly attacked it to obtain the release of some imprisoned rioters. They surged round the great gates, shouting for Mr. Akerman, the Governor, whom Boswell called "his esteemed friend." He appeared on the roof, and refused to release the prisoners. Dr. Johnson says that he ultimately consented, upon condition of obtaining the Lord Mayor's leave. However that be, the rioters assaulted the great iron-studded gates with axes and sledge-hammers. The Governor's house was meanwhile burnt and pillaged, the mob getting very drunk upon the contents of his cellar. From the Governor's house the flames spread to the chapel, and thence to the nearest cells, and the cries of the rioters were answered by the cries of the prisoners, either hoping to escape or afraid of being burned. Little impression was made upon the great gates, either by weapons or the flames, but the mob passed in through the breach made by the burning of the Governor's house. The scene was fearful, and it ended in the release of three hundred common thieves and felons of all sorts, including four men condemned to die in a few days. Those four were carried upon the shoulders of the mob through the streets, and Dickens tells us, that old people living in his time remembered to have seen, as children, with fear and trembling, the ghastly faces of those four condemned men passing below their windows.

One of the most interesting accounts of the burning of Newgate is that given by the poet Crabbe, who witnessed it ; he describes the prison as being red-hot. That same evening the prison at Clerkenwell was broken open, but the most miserable incident was the burning of Lord Mansfield's house in Bloomsbury Square. They had completely gutted the houses of the few magistrates, such as Sir John Fielding, who showed

any activity; and they proceeded to take vengeance upon Lord Mansfield. The mob yelled execrations against him, as a supposed Papist, and he had barely time to escape with Lady Mansfield by the back door. The magnificent house was entirely demolished, the greatest loss being that of the Judge's library, full of books given to him by Pope and Swift and the great writers of the day; with an unrivalled collection of law books, and of legal manuscripts by the Judge himself, and with the memoirs of his time, a work of the greatest value. Pictures, books, rich furniture and plate, all went upon the bonfire, the rioters making it a point of honour to keep nothing for themselves, but to make a big blaze of all the Popish relics, as they called them. The rioters got drunk as usual, and many were burned or crushed among the ruins. A party of foot soldiers stood doing nothing, and when a gentleman asked the officer to defend the house, he replied that he could not and would not do anything without authority from the magistrates, and that all the magistrates had run away. At last a stray magistrate was caught; he rushed through the Riot Act, and the soldiers fired two volleys. But the mob was drunk, and did not mind. They marched off, carrying before them the dead bodies of their friends, with weapons in their hands, preceded by a man, ringing Lord Mansfield's dinner-bell. One of Cowper's happiest poems was written upon the loss of Lord Mansfield's library:

So, then, the Vandals of our isle,
Sworn foes to sense and law,
Have burnt to death a noble pile
That ever Roman saw.

And Murray mourns o'er Pope and Swift,
And many a treasure more;
The well-judged purchase, and the gift,
That graced his lettered store.

Their pages mangled, burnt, and torn,
The loss was his alone;
But ages yet to come shall mourn
The burning of his own.

Upon the next day, Wednesday the 7th, the riots were at their height. All the great houses, public offices, and institutions were barricaded; terrible rumours flew round the town; the lunatics were to be let out of Bedlam, the lions out of the Tower, and, worst of all, 70,000 Scotch Protestants out of Scotland. All shops were shut, and, for protection's sake,

"No Popery" was chalked upon the door. Even the Jews in Houndsditch wrote upon their doors, "This is the house of a true Protestant." Rioters went calmly through the streets, demanding money from shops and passengers, walking singly; three of them were mere boys, armed with iron bars from Lord Mansfield's railings. One man on horseback would take nothing but gold. "On Wednesday," wrote Dr. Johnson, "I walked with Dr. Scott to look at Newgate, and found it in ruins, with the fire yet glowing. As I went by, the Protestants were plundering the Sessions House at the Old Bailey. There were not, I believe, a hundred; but they did their work at leisure, in full security, without sentinels, without trepidation, as men lawfully employed, in full day. Such is the cowardice of a commercial place. On Wednesday, they broke open the Fleet, and the King's Bench, and the Marshalsea, and released all the prisoners. At night they set fire to the Fleet and to the King's Bench, and I do not know how many other places; and one might see the glare of conflagration fill the sky from many parts. The sight was dreadful."

Pitt, the great statesman, then a young barrister at Lincoln's Inn, describes the old courts and squares surrounded with fires; but though the rioters besieged the Inns of Court, they did not break through. Burke's brother dates a letter from "the place that once was London." The toll-gates on Blackfriars Bridge were robbed of their takings, and then burned. Thirty-six distinct great fires were to be seen from a distance. Among the places attacked was the brewery of Mr. Thrale in Southwark, now Barclay and Perkins,' but he only lost, writes his friend Dr. Johnson, a few butts of beer. Two attempts were made upon the Bank of England, led by a man on a brewer's horse, hung with chains from Newgate, both in vain; one was driven off by a party under the command of Jack Wilkes, who declared that were he in power, he would not leave one rioter alive. In Holborn, horrible scenes took place at the burning of a great distillery, kept by Mr. Langdale, a Catholic; all the contents of the great vaults were poured into the street, where they caught fire, and the drunken mob, with women and children among them, were seen rolling in the flames, and lapping up the liquid fire. Horace Walpole, who calls the fires "the most horrible sight he ever beheld," remarks that the fashionable world seemed to take no notice; theatres and entertainments, dinners and dances, went on as usual.

Still, the Government did nothing, though plenty of soldiers were in readiness: by the 7th, 10,000 men were assembled, and the militia came up from several counties. The difficulty was the question about the Riot Act: had the soldiers legal right to fire, unless it had been read by a magistrate? George III. was the first man to do his duty. He had shown great courage, having spent two nights in readiness to command the troops, should the mob attack the Queen or the Palace: and he had a great pity for the misguided rioters. "Poor creatures," he said, "they did not mean mischief." He called a Privy Council, and laid the question before them: the whole Cabinet was in doubt. But Wedderburn, the Attorney-General, who was present as a legal assistant, said the soldiers might fire without the Riot Act: if the riot had actually begun, no formalities were necessary. The Ministers agreed: and the King said he had thought so all along. "There shall be at all events," said he, "one magistrate in the country, who will do his duty." A Proclamation was issued, warning all householders, servants, and apprentices, to stay indoors: and that the King's officers had full power to suppress the riots. "In obedience to an Order of the King in Council, the military are to act without waiting for directions from the civil magistrates." The rioters were checked for the first time, troops and militia were stationed at various points. Colonel Holroyd led the Northumberland Militia, after a forced march of twenty-five miles, to Holborn, where the fires were raging, and the Guards drove back the mob at Blackfriars. Many were shot down, many threw themselves into the river. They had few fire-arms, and the whole city was awake, listening to the sounds of the soldiers firing and the rioters shrieking. The soldiers' bayonets are said to have literally dripped with blood. According to official returns, only 200 rioters were shot; 250 of the wounded were taken to the hospital, of whom 80 died. But the real numbers were many times more than that: digging among the ruins the workmen came upon innumerable remains of burnt and mangled bodies. On the morning of Thursday, the 8th, there was no trace of the mob, except the ruined houses and the blood in the streets. Soldiers were encamped in the Parks, the Museum Garden, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and elsewhere. Many rioters were captured in the ruined cells of Newgate trying to renew the fire. Voluntary associations were formed "for the defence of liberty and property." The shops were still shut from Tyburn

to Whitechapel, only the Bank of England did business. But next day confidence returned, the law courts and the shops were opened.

Cowper writes that day from the country to a friend, "By this time, I suppose, you have ventured to take your fingers out of your ears, being delivered from the deafening shouts of the most zealous mob that ever strained their lungs in the cause of religion." Pitt writes that "we may now sleep again as in a Christian country." Gibbon writes: "Our danger is at an end, but our disgrace will be lasting, and the month of June, 1780, will ever be marked by a dark and diabolic fanaticism, which I had supposed to be extinct." I might quote many other accounts, such as those of Bishop Challoner and Miss Burney, and the accounts of the riots at Bath and Bristol, by Mrs. Thrale.¹

On the 9th, Lord George Gordon was arrested at his house in Welbeck Street, upon a warrant from the Secretary of State. "If you are sure it is me you want," said his lordship, "I am ready to attend you." He was examined before the Privy Council, where he behaved like a child. He was taken by a detachment of the Guards to the Tower, with the strongest escort ever known to attend a prisoner. The public was still not fully reassured that all was over; the insidious libels of the Protestant agitators had taken too firm a hold upon the minds of those credulous persons to whom a Catholic is a kind of fabulous creature. It had to be authoritatively denied that martial law was to prevail, and the rumours about the Royal Family and their household being concealed Catholics were so numerous, that the Lord Chamberlain was forced to insert in the papers such absurd advertisements as this, "We are authorized to assure the public that Mr. Bicknell, His Majesty's hosier, is as true and faithful a Protestant as any in His Majesty's dominions. We likewise have the best authority for saying that His Majesty's wine-merchants are Protestants."²

¹ She writes to Dr. Johnson from Bath: "The mad fools here hooted a poor inoffensive man till he scampered over the wall, and said they were sure he must be the Pope, because he lodged on St. James's Parade, and wore a nightgown with gold flowers on it." And upon the arrival of the soldiers, she writes: "Toryism and martial law and standing armies for ever; and when the Papists are all burned, and the Protestants all hanged for burning them, the Jews may jump for joy. I think no one else can be pleased."

² The delusion that Catholicism was encouraged and patronized by the Government and by the Executive, finds expression in some of the political satires scribbled

Among all self-respecting classes there was a strong feeling that the authorities had not done their duty: the Lord Mayor was tried, and convicted of gross neglect. Alderman Bull, Lord George's seconder, had actually encouraged the rioters, allowing the constables in his ward to wear the blue cockade. On the 12th, Parliament met, and there was a speech from the Throne. The Peers discussed the legal question of the Riot Act; Lord Mansfield defended the doctrine of the Royal Proclamation whilst strongly attacking the magistrates. As to the legal question, he said, "I have not consulted books, indeed, I have no books to consult." His legal opponent retorted that because his law books were burned, he need not think no other lawyer had any books. But the House approved of his famous contention, that soldiers firing upon rioters without civil authority act, not as soldiers in red coats, but as citizens in brown. An address to the King was carried, thanking him for his prompt action. The next day the great Protestant petition was discussed in the House of Commons, and five resolutions were proposed by Burke, and carried, after alterations by Lord North. They insisted upon the retention of the Catholic Relief Bill of two years past, but they also insisted upon the criminality of making converts to Catholicism.

It was on this occasion that Fox made his great speech in favour of universal toleration. Sir George Savile, the original Protestant champion of the Catholics, had been frightened by

by the unfortunate Chatterton, a few years before the outbreak of the Gordon Riots. Thus in his *Prophecy* he writes:

When Popish bishops dare to claim
 Authority in George's name,
 By treason's hand set up, in spite
 Of George's title, William's right;
 Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
 For your redemption draweth nigh.
 When Popish priest a pension draws
 From starv'd exchequer, for the cause
 Commissioned, proselytes to make
 In British realm, for Britain's sake:
 Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
 For your redemption draweth nigh.
 When snug in power, sly recusants
 Make laws for British Protestants,
 And damning William's Revolution,
 As justices claim execution:
 Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
 For your redemption draweth nigh.

For a refutation of such rubbish as this, I need only refer to recent articles published by Father Morris in *THE MONTH*.

the riots: and he brought in a Bill to guard against Catholic conversions. No Catholic was to keep a school or to have young boarders in his house: music and dancing masters, for no very obvious reason, were alone exempted. No Catholic was to keep a Protestant apprentice. In spite of Burke's protest against these ungenerous laws, they were carried: Burke declaring that Savile had "a greater prejudice against the Catholics than became so wise a mind." The Bill was thrown out in the Lords. At the end of the Sessions, Lord North moved for an exact return of the damage done by the riots, and claims were sent in to the amount of £130,000. Lord Mansfield and Sir George Savile refused compensation. On the 10th of July a Special Commission sat in Southwark to try the rioters; and on July 28th others were tried in Middlesex at the Old Bailey Sessions. By the end of July all the rioters had been tried: 135 in all, of whom one half were found guilty. Burke wrote many letters in vain, pleading for mercy towards them: 21 were hanged. Of these, many were boys under fourteen; and George Selwyn, a well-known man about town, who enjoyed the fashionable amusement of seeing executions, wrote in his diary, that he "had never seen boys cry so," which was not surprising. Some of the rioters confessed to being Catholics, and asked for a priest: a fact which shows how much honest religious feeling there really was in the great Protestant demonstration. As Mr. Gardiner puts it, "The mob loved riot more than they hated Popery." Among those sentenced to death, but reprieved, was Dennis the hangman. Dickens, who represents him as hanged, violates history for picturesque effect. Lord George was tried in February, 1781, his trial having been delayed upon some technical plea. Erskine, the great orator, was his counsel: he made a splendid speech, urging that Gordon had done all he could to stop the riots. Lord Mansfield, who was the judge, summed up against him, but he was acquitted of treason, to the great satisfaction of Dr. Johnson; not for Gordon's sake, but because he held, very rightly, that constructive treason is no true charge. Either a man commits treason, or no: you cannot add together a number of acts, each separately not treason, and call the result treason. Hannah More tells us that "the noble prisoner, as the papers call him, had a large Bible open before him all the time, and was very angry, because he was not permitted to read four chapters from Zachariah." Public thanksgivings were

offered up in many chapels for his acquittal, and the obstinate Scotch Protestants subscribed £500 towards his defence. The rest of Lord George's life was strange enough; he was excommunicated by the Archbishop of Canterbury for refusing to give evidence before an ecclesiastical court. In 1782, he was convicted of libelling Marie Antoinette, the French Queen—a fact alluded to by Burke in his *Reflections upon the French Revolution*, when he contrasts the behaviour of the English, who would not allow an Englishman to insult the Queen of France, with that of the French, who drove her from the throne to prison and to death—but before receiving sentence, Gordon fled to Amsterdam. The Dutch burghers sent him home again, and he lived in one of the dirtiest slums of Birmingham, where he turned Jew, and adopted Jewish customs and dress. He called himself the Right Hon. Israel Bar Abraham George Gordon. He wore a long beard, and refused to speak to any Jew who did not. He was arrested in December for contempt of court, and committed to Newgate, then rebuilt. There he lived till his death, at the age of forty-three, in 1793, supporting himself by painting, and conducting himself extravagantly. His last great grief was, that he must be buried in the prison ground, and not in a Jewish cemetery.

I have now given a rough sketch of these great riots. If any one wish to read the finest comment upon them, let me refer him to Burke's magnificent speech in 1780 to his constituents at Bristol, upon his support of Catholic relief. It lost him his seat, but it does him lasting honour. So great was the gratitude felt for him by the Irish Catholics, that it was proposed to erect a statue to him in Dublin. It is appropriate to conclude with a moral. If we go over Thames into Southwark, we shall find what Shakespeare calls a "sermon in stones." The rioters assembled, as we saw, to persecute the Catholic Church in this country at her hour of poverty and hardship, in St. George's Fields, Southwark, then open ground. Upon that ground now stand two remarkable buildings. One is the lunatic asylum of Bethlehem, commonly called Bedlam; the other is the Catholic Cathedral of St. George. The one may teach us, what is the proper home of those, who think to stop the way of the Catholic Church; the other teaches us, with what strength and beauty rises the Catholic Church from obscurity and persecution.

LIONEL JOHNSON.

The Great Schism of the West.

FIRST ARTICLE.

IN His dealings with man, God is ever careful to leave a large scope for the exercise of free-will. We must not forget this, for it is only by bearing it constantly in mind that we can explain the large extent to which even the noblest and divinest of God's works present themselves to our gaze, like the gold in the ore, so largely encrusted over by and intermixed with the evil and the scandal arising out of human sinfulness. We must learn to disengage the gold from the ore, to distinguish the good from the evil, the divine from the human, and to ascribe each only to its own source.

This is especially necessary in dealing with the history of the Papacy. In the long line of Roman Pontiffs, alike in their personal character and in their government of the Church, the divine stands out in the clearest, the most dazzling, brightness to all who will observe it with open eyes ; but then there is a human element as well which at times obtrudes an unwelcome demand on our notice, and seems so incompatible with the divine as to excite astonishment.

With one such perplexing blending of incompatibles we propose to deal in two articles, of which the present is the first. The Holy See is the divinely appointed centre of unity to the Catholic Church, and its endurance in that character is perhaps the crowning marvel of human history ; and yet at one time the world saw for forty years the spectacle of two, and for a portion of this period of three, distinct successions of Roman Pontiffs engaged in bitter conflict with one another, each gathering round itself a portion of the divided Christendom, and each launching out denunciations and excommunications against the adherents of the other two. If there can be so serious and long-enduring a schism in the Papacy itself, is it possible to believe that governmental unity is an essential

property of the Catholic Church and the Papacy its divinely appointed bond?

But let us tell the story of the Great Western Schism, and then we shall be in a position to answer the difficulty.

The Schism commenced in 1378, but to explain how it originated we must first understand what were its predetermining causes. Seventy years earlier, Clement V. succeeded, if we disregard the short reign of Benedict XI., to the rule and the difficulties of Boniface VIII. He was of Gascon origin and was Archbishop of Bordeaux. He was therefore the subject of the English King Edward I., whose dominions at the time included South-Western France. But if an English subject, he was naturally French in his sympathies, and was on friendly terms with the reigning King, Philip le Bel. When the official news of his election to the Papacy reached him Clement was at Bordeaux, and although he appears to have purposed setting out for Rome after his coronation at Lyons, many circumstances combined to keep him all through his pontificate on French soil. In the first place the state of parties in Italy, and in particular at Rome, was such as to suggest that if in Rome the Pope would not be allowed a free hand in the government of the Church, and on the other hand Philip was most anxious to keep the Pope in France in the hope of converting him into a tool for the furtherance of his own designs against the memory of Boniface VIII., and against the large wealth of the Knights of the Temple. It may be that Clement, who was of a pliant disposition and was fond of his native land, listened with no unready ear to the persuasions of Philip; nor ought we to credit him with the foresight of all the evils destined to follow from his ill-fated resolution.

The pleasant city of Avignon, on the left bank of the Rhone, which was eventually selected as the Papal residence in France, was not in Philip's territory. It belonged to the Counts of Provence, who were also Kings of Naples, and in the latter capacity, vassals of the Holy See. From them it was purchased by Clement's successor, John XXII., and it remained a Papal possession till it was annexed by the French Republican Government at the close of the last century.

Nevertheless, through its proximity to France, a residence there rendered the Popes subject to French influences, with the result that the Avignon Popes were always more or less overawed by the French Kings, and their courts became pre-

dominantly French in composition. Every one of the seven Popes from Clement V. to Gregory XI. were of French, and most were of Gascon origin, and French Cardinals were in a large majority in the Sacred College. Such a state of things could not fail to impair the reverence with which Catholic nations should regard the Holy See, deeming it to be a power placed on an eminence apart, disengaged from entanglement in the rival policies of the different nations, and impartially surveying events from the lofty standpoint of Christian principles. We do not mean by this to acknowledge that the Avignon Popes were incapable of rising to the true ideal of their office. History has at last done them justice and acknowledged that they kept it sedulously in view, realizing its requirements in many striking ways.

The eager censors of the dependence into which the Avignon Popes sunk, draw attention to the political action of the Holy See during this period so exclusively, that hardly any place is left for its labours in the cause of religion. A very partial picture is thus drawn, wherein the noble efforts of these much-abused Pontiffs for the conversion of heathen nations become almost imperceptible in the dim background. Their labours for the propagation of Christianity in India, China, Egypt, Nubia, Abyssinia, Barbary, and Morocco have been very imperfectly appreciated.¹

Still, in spite of these apostolic works, and although it is untrue to say that they submitted themselves in all respects to the dictation of the French monarchs, their sojourn on French soil rendered these Avignon Popes suspect to the nations, and the suspicions were not without solid grounds.

There were also other evils arising from the same cause. If the condition of Italy was a motive impelling the Popes to absent themselves from its midst, their absence tended to render the state of things much worse. While the Popes were present, they had been able in some degree to keep within bounds the turbulence of the conflicting parties which, now that the restraining hand had been withdrawn, were fast converting the garden of Europe into a pile of ruins and a desert waste.

And this desolation of the Italy which they had abandoned reacted on the exiled Popes. They could no longer draw their accustomed revenues, and were compelled to impose numerous and heavy taxes on ecclesiastical property throughout the world. In no other way could they carry on the government

¹ Pastor, *History of the Papacy*, vol. i. p. 61. Eng. Trans.

of the Universal Church, and maintain such splendour in their courts as their high office seemed to them to require. It was most unjust to deny them the right to take this course, and the charge that in taking it they were reducing the local churches to ruin was doubtless much exaggerated. Still these charges were made by the victims of the taxation, and the Papacy became proportionately unpopular.

As the residence in Avignon went on enduring, the sense of these evils connected with it became more and more acute in the hearts of those who suffered from them. The Romans especially were urgent that the Popes should return to their natural home. On the other hand, the French Sovereigns, and the classes out of whom the Papal Court was mainly recruited, were as strenuous in urging the continuance of a state of things out of which they found so much profit. The Popes placed between these two contending parties, although they were all of French birth, seem to have had the duty of return constantly in mind, and made periodical efforts to carry the project into effect. The only Avignon Pope of whom this cannot be said was Clement VI., and he, if he made no attempts and showed no anxiety to return, at least told the Roman ambassadors that to return would be his wish were not his continued presence in France necessary to heal the quarrel between the Kings of France and England. Blessed Urban V., who succeeded Clement VI., actually did return in 1367, and remained in Rome or its neighbourhood for three years. He, however, then returned to Avignon, where he shortly after died. Urban V. was succeeded by Gregory XI., the Pope under whom the final departure from Avignon was destined to take place.

The tension in Italy was then at its highest. During the absence of the Popes from Italy they appointed Legates to govern the Papal provinces in their stead. These, being members of the Sacred College, were almost of necessity of French origin and sympathies, and on that account excited general dislike; a dislike which they seem to have provoked in some cases by singularly injudicious and inconsiderate acts. Such conduct on the part of the Legates led, in 1375, to a general uprising of the Italians against them. In Rome this feeling took the form of a movement which, however, at that time, did not come to a head, to set up an anti-Pope. At Florence it translated itself into a war against the Sovereign Pontiff,

and a largely successful endeavour to stir up rebellion in the Papal cities. One shocking incident in this patricidal war which lasted three years requires to be mentioned on account of the personality of the chief offender. Cardinal Robert of Geneva, destined to be the head and front of the Great Schism, was a prelate of martial proclivities. At the head of an army of ten thousand Breton mercenaries, he entered Italy to put down the rebellion, and in February, 1377, put the unarmed inhabitants of Cesena to the sword.

It was to negotiate terms of peace between Gregory XI. and the Florentines that Catharine of Sienna went with an embassy to Avignon in 1376. We cannot afford to tell the interesting story of these long negotiations, rendered so harassing by the treacherous conduct of a small party among the Florentines, and we must be content merely to allude to the marvellous force and wisdom, the burning words and high-minded exhortations, with which the saintly virgin carried to a successful issue the still more important business of inducing the Pontiff to overcome the weakness of his character, to resist the solicitations of his Court and his relations, and terminate the long "Babylonian Captivity" of the Papacy.

Attended by his Court, Gregory took his departure in the autumn of 1376, and reached Rome in the following January. Although the Romans had realized so forcibly that the welfare of their city was bound up with the presence of the Pontiff in their midst; although they had entered into a treaty with their returning sovereign, had promised him a peaceful rule, and had received him with all the marks of intense rejoicing, it soon appeared how unready they were to subject selfish interests to the fulfilment of their promise. Gregory had an unquiet life during the short time which intervened before his death, which occurred in March, 1378.

We now come to the events which were the immediate occasion of the schism. Our present object is to prepare the way for estimating the theological significance of the sad calamity rather than to trace out with precision the exact details of its origin. We shall try, therefore, to confine ourselves to broad outlines.

There were sixteen Cardinals in Rome at the time of Gregory's decease, and of these four only were of Italian nationality. One, Pedro de Luna, was Spanish. The other ten were French, and of these ten five were Limousins. There

were besides seven absent Cardinals, of whom six were at Avignon. All these were likewise of French birth. In virtue of a Constitution published by Gregory XI. just before his death, the Cardinals present at Rome were not to await the arrival of their absent colleagues, but proceed to terminate the anxieties and dangers of the interregnum by an immediate election. The Italian Cardinals naturally desired an Italian Pope, and believed that only by this means could the evils of a renewed Avignon residence be prevented. The "Ultramontane"¹ Cardinals were, however, in a large majority, and as they had shown their attachment to Avignon by their endeavours to prevent the late Pope from quitting the pleasant abode, it was natural to anticipate that they would demand a Pope of their own mind, and therefore of their own nationality. There was, nevertheless, a division among the Ultramontanes themselves, the Limousins desiring, and the rest opposing, the choice of a Limousin. The effect of this cleavage was to make the balance of parties in the Conclave more equal, and to give the Italians a better chance.

But beyond their own inclinations, there was a grave external consideration for the electors to take into account. The Roman citizens were bent on doing their utmost to prevent the election of another French Pope, lest another Avignon residence should be the result; and they were taking measures to force their will upon the Cardinals. A mob, partly armed, was going about the city crying out: "We wish for a Roman Pope or at least an Italian one." It did not hesitate to assail the Conclave itself, and perhaps to threaten the electors with death if the popular desire should be disregarded. How far the Cardinals yielded to this pressure is in dispute, and it is out of this dispute that the schism arose. This much is certain that, whether through the pressure or in spite of it, they speedily agreed among themselves, and on April 9, 1378, elected the Archbishop of Bari, Bartholomew Prignani. Prignani was a Neapolitan, and so far likely to be acceptable to the Romans. On the other hand, he owed his promotion from humble rank to the Limousin Cardinal of Pampeluna, Pierre de Montéruc, had lived a long time at Avignon, and had contracted in some

¹ This word which etymologically signifies "natives of the regions beyond the mountains," was in those days a designation given by Italians to the nationalities north of the Alps. In modern usage, the term has an opposite meaning, having been devised by the Gallicans to describe adherents of the theology which they chose to regard as localized beyond, that is south of, the Alps.

degree the manners of the place. At the time of the election he was acting as deputy for his patron the Cardinal of Pampeluna, and was thus Vice-Chancellor of the Curia. Some Limousin Cardinals themselves proposed him to the electors as one in whom, under the circumstances, all might agree. They evidently hoped that, though Italian by origin, he would in gratitude continue to stand by the party with which he had been hitherto associated. Thus it came to pass that he obtained at once fourteen out of the sixteen votes, and eventually all.

But so fearful do the Cardinals seem to have been lest the Roman people should be enraged at their choice, that they adopted a stratagem to protect their persons from violence. They caused, or at least encouraged, the spread of the rumour that Tibaldeschi, the Cardinal of St. Peter's, an aged Roman, had been elected, and meanwhile they themselves withdrew to safe places, the Italians to their residences, the Ultramontanes, some to the Castle of St. Angelo, others to the neighbouring country. There seems to have been reason for their fear. As soon as the people discovered the deception practised on them, they were filled with indignation. They were, however, eventually quieted down, and the Cardinals being brought back proceeded to complete the election and crown the new Pope, who took the name of Urban VI.

There is agreement that till his election Urban was a man whose conduct had given edification.

The new Pope [says Pastor] was adorned by great and rare qualities; almost all his contemporaries are unanimous in praise of his purity of life, his simplicity, and temperance. He was also esteemed for his learning, and yet more for the conscientious zeal with which he discharged his ecclesiastical duties. It was said that he lay down to rest at night with the Holy Scriptures in his hands, that he wore a hair-shirt, and strictly observed the fasts of the Church. He was, moreover, experienced in business. When Gregory XI. had appointed him to supply the place of the absent Vice-Chancellor, he had fulfilled the duties of the office in an exemplary manner, and had acquired an unusual knowledge of affairs. Austere and grave by nature, nothing was more hateful to him than simony, worldliness, and immorality in any grade of the clergy.¹

He had, however, one great fault, a fault which sometimes accompanies the burning zeal for reform of a good man and frustrates all his efforts. He was harsh and unbending in his

¹ Vol. i. p. 121.

measures, rough and rude in his manner, and showed himself to be utterly without tact or considerateness. The day after his coronation he began to give offence. He rated the Bishops present for being absent from their dioceses, and called them perjured villains. He told the Cardinals they were gluttons, and threatened to take upon himself the regulation of their houses and tables. When a collector came in with the results of his collection, he was rudely told to take his money and perish with it. These were small matters in themselves, but they foreboded a mode of treatment the prospect of which filled the worldly-minded electors with fear, and to fear was added intense disappointment when Urban announced that he had no intention of quitting Rome for Avignon, and that, to prevent that calamity ever happening again, he was proposing to restore the balance in the Sacred College by creating a large number of Italian Cardinals.

The Ultramontane Cardinals at this prospect forgot their internal differences and banded together for self-protection. On the plea of avoiding the summer heats, they obtained leave from the Pope to withdraw to Anagni, a town on the neighbouring Campanian hills, and soon after to Fondi, which lay in the Neapolitan domains. This further withdrawal to Fondi was rendered possible by another blunder on the part of Urban. Joanna of Naples was naturally well disposed towards Urban, and she sent her husband, Otho of Brunswick, to salute him on his election, and to solicit for the said Otho the succession to the Neapolitan crown which was a fief of the Holy See. Urban, instead of gratifying, managed to offend the royal pair by his brusque refusal, and they at once took against him and were glad to invite the recalcitrant Cardinals into their territory.

Feeling themselves now sufficiently strong to take up a position of declared opposition, these Cardinals wrote to their four Italian colleagues who were still with Urban, asserting that his election had been invalid on account of the violence to which the electors had been subjected, and summoning them to Anagni to consider what should be done to remove the scandal from the Church. Urban on this sent the Italian Cardinals to Fondi to negotiate. He offered to submit the case to a General Council, but declined absolutely to resign. On their refusing this offer and managing to draw off from him even the three Italian Cardinals (the fourth, the aged Cardinal

of St. Peter's, was on his death-bed), he went the length of creating, on September 18th, twenty-eight new Cardinals. This determined the Cardinals at Fondi. They proceeded, on September 20th, to elect the Cardinal Robert of Geneva, who took the title of Clement VII. Thus the schism was commenced.

We must pass over all intermediate events and say that Clement was shortly after compelled to withdraw from Italy and take up his residence at Avignon. He was recognized as Pope by the King of France, the Count of Provence, Joanna of Naples, and by Scotland. Urban, on the other hand, retained the allegiance of Germany, of all Italy, save the Neapolitan territory, of England, of Flanders, Hungary, Sweden, &c. The Spanish kingdoms remained for a time neutral, but eventually adhered to Clement.

It is instructive to notice on what plan this division of the nations between the two obediences was formed, for it reveals to us what were the real motives underlying the schism. Dr. Creighton expounds the case thus :

When the schism was declared and the two parties stood in avowed opposition, allies began to gather round each from motives which were purely political. Italy took the side of the Italian Pope, except the kingdom of Naples which had been closely connected with the Papacy at Avignon, and so maintained its old position. France laboured for Clement VII. in order to assert its former hold on the Papacy. England, through hostility to France, became a staunch partisan of Urban, upon which Scotland declared itself on the side of Clement. If Urban had by his unyielding behaviour to Joanna, estranged Naples, he had by his complacency secured Germany. . . . Hungary took the side opposed to Naples ; the Northern kingdoms went with Germany ; Flanders followed England through its hostility to France ; the Count of Savoy adhered to Clement, whose kinsman he was. The Spanish kingdoms alone remained neutral, though in the end they fell into the allegiance of Clement.¹

This is a way of interpreting what happened which is not unnatural in a Protestant writer. It does not, however, take sufficiently into account the hold which the Catholic faith has, and ever has had, on the hearts of its adherents. If we examine into the facts more carefully, we soon perceive that the charge of acting under political bias (for even there it did not amount

¹ *History of the Papacy*, vol. i. pp. 65, 66.

to more than a strong bias) lies exclusively at the door of France and those rulers who were under her influence. "From France the evil proceeded, and France was the chief and, in fact, essentially the only support of the schism; for other nations were involved in it merely by their connexion with her."¹

The French party were intensely mortified at the loss of the advantages to their national interests of a French Papacy, and were determined to get it back again, almost at any cost. Joanna of Naples was filled with vindictiveness against Urban for the rebuffs experienced at his hands. There may also be some ground for attributing the part taken by distant Scotland to its hostility to England. France of course had her case to present in justification of the part she was taking, and it was natural that the Scotch, her constant allies, should be biassed in its favour. French influence also is discernible in the part eventually taken by the Spaniards. While we must recognize that they remained strictly neutral until they had first taken elaborate evidence from witnesses on behalf of both parties, we must account it significant that the Spanish decision in favour of Clement synchronized with an important royal marriage and consequent alliance between Spain and France, an alliance sorely needed by each of the parties to strengthen them against their common English foe. These countries where French influence is so clearly discernible were the only countries which adhered to Clement. We must besides bear in mind that when the sovereign elected for one of the rival obediences the sympathy of all his subjects was not necessarily in the same direction. In this respect Urban had also probably the allegiance of the vast majority. Thus, when Joanna of Naples first went over to Clement and invited him to her territory, the Neapolitans rose up against him and showed their teeth so decidedly that he was constrained to embark at once for Provence. And when twelve years later, in the first year of Urban's successor, Boniface IX., the Jubilee was held at Rome, it was noticed how numerous were the French pilgrims who flocked to the Eternal City, as if anxious to use the opportunity offered of showing whither their hearts inclined them. Nor does there seem sufficient reason for attributing the adherence of the vast majority of the nations to Urban to exclusively political motives. The grounds on which the English accepted Urban are given

¹ Döllinger, *Lehrbuch der Kirchengeschichte*, II. i. 281.

by Rinaldi, and they are as convincing a statement of Urban's case as we can find anywhere.¹

This seems the place to offer some reasons for believing that Urban's election was perfectly valid, and that in consequence his line to the exclusion of the others, was the true line of Roman Pontiffs. Certainly if one is to be led by the authorities collected long since from the Vatican archives by Rinaldi, the continuer of Baronius,² there cannot be any doubt in the matter. The Archbishop of Bari was just the one candidate in whom the three parties of the Conclave, the Italians, the Limousins, and the others could come to an agreement; and the proposal to elect him actually came from the Limousins, who regarded him, as we have said, as one likely, on account of his previous connexions, to govern according to their ideas. He was elected by all save one the first time, and, according to many witnesses, by all in a second election held for the sake of greater certainty during a lull in the clamour going on outside. His election was deemed likely to dissatisfy the Romans, and on that account when the latter broke into the Conclave, instead of making his name known at once, the electors took measures to entangle the invading and excited crowd in a misapprehension. They caused the idea to get about that the Roman Cardinal Tibaldeschi was the elect, but that he was refusing to accept. While the invaders were forcing the aged man on to the throne and vesting him, in spite of his own protests and resistance, in the Papal garments, they used the opportunity to escape from the Vatican and secure themselves, some in the fortified Castle of St. Angelo, some in castles outside the city, the less unpopular in their own residences within the walls. They actually came back the next day (all save the four outside the walls) from their places of security to complete their act by enthroning the elect, and a few days later they all without exception conducted the coronation with all the accustomed ceremonies. Without protest they permitted Urban to receive homage from all classes, even from the representatives of the sovereign powers. With their own hands they wrote letters abroad to their respective sovereigns and their respective friends, letters both public and private, and among them a joint official letter to the Cardinals remaining at Avignon. And in these letters, not in mere formal terms, but with a certain cordiality of language, they convey the impression that Urban

¹ N. 50, in ann. 1378.

² *Annal. Eccles.* in ann. 1378.

had been truly and unanimously elected, and that he was in their estimation the kind of Pope who should give general satisfaction. Specially noteworthy among these letters is one written six days after the election¹ and before the coronation, to the Emperor Charles IV. by the Cardinal Robert of Geneva, destined so soon to be set up as the opposition Pope. For three months the Cardinals continued in this course, during which time they frequently solicited and obtained favours for themselves and their friends, and took their proper place and part in all the Consistories. It was not till the early summer that they withdrew from Rome to Anagni, and not till the end of July that they declared their opposition. On these grounds, which strong in themselves would seem still more convincing if adequately stated as they are to be found in Rinaldi, it would seem certain that Urban's election was valid.

However, beside Rinaldi there is Baluze to reckon with, and Baluze's *Lives of the Avignon Popes* certainly presents a very forcible case in favour of the rival line. Nevertheless, the preponderance of opinion has continued to be in favour of the Roman line; nor of Catholic opinion only, but of Protestant writers also. Pastor says:

The most renowned jurists of that age, as John of Lignano, Baldi of Perugia, Bartolomeo of Saliceto, composed elaborate judgments in favour of the validity of Urban's election . . . and the most distinguished Catholic investigators of our days have taken the same side, as Hefele, Papencordt, Hergenröther, Heinrich; as also many Protestant writers, such as Leo, Hinschius, Siebeking, Lindner, Gregorovius, Erler.²

Probably this verdict of the historians will continue in spite of the additional documents from the Vatican secret archives first published in 1889 by the Abbé Gayet in his *Grand Schisme d'Occident*. These new documents, however, have at least shown us that we had not previously the full strength of the case for the seceding Cardinals placed before us. They consist, with an exception or two, of depositions taken, for the sake of the Spanish Sovereigns, from nearly all the seceding Cardinals, and from other persons of importance through their position or means of observation, who were mixed up in the events of the disputed election. They exhibit the Cardinals to us in a pitiable plight, the victims of a most abject fear, from the moment when they entered the Conclave to the time when three months later they found themselves at Fondi; and purely

¹ Pastor, op. cit. Second Edit. App. n. 14.

² Second Edit. p. 102.

under the impulse of that fear performing every one of those duties of electors, the performance by them of which has been taken as evidence that they had freely concurred in Urban's election.

Pastor describes Gayet's work as one of which the value is derived exclusively from the Appendices, that is, from the text of the newly published documents; but at all events, Gayet's documents have caused Pastor's second edition to enter into a much more careful discussion of the story of the election than the author had previously considered necessary.

We must be content to give very briefly our reasons for considering that Rinaldi's verdict still holds the ground, in spite of Baluze and Gayet. It is necessary to begin with an important distinction. The question on which all turns is not whether there was force applied by the Romans, but whether its application was the determining cause of the election of Urban. To what extent the threats of the Roman mob went, how soon they began, and how much they meant, may be disputed: but that there were threats, and that the Cardinals had solid reasons for thinking that their lives were in peril, seems to us established beyond the possibility of question. Nor can it be denied that the Cardinals were influenced by the threats to some extent. The rapidity of the choice was certainly due to this cause: for had it not been present, the balance of feeling among the electors pointed to a long Conclave. We may allow also that the demand of the mob entered into the motives which caused the choice to fall upon Urban. It seems quite certain that they did not exclusively cause it. For it is clear that the Cardinals were, as stated above, split up into three sets, on account of the dissension between the Limousins and the other Ultramontanes, and that the Archbishop of Bari was the sort of candidate in whom the three sets might be expected to agree as soon as it became manifest that none could carry its own special favourite. But even if the violence of the Romans did not primarily determine the election of Prignano, it must at least have entered in later as an important reason for electing him. Not only might it enter in, but it should have entered in. The intense feeling of the future Pope's immediate subjects that they ought to have a Pope who would remain among them was a material point for the electors to consider; quite as material as their own strong desire to have a Pope who would lead them back to Avignon. What then is the crucial point? It is this. Did the pressure

applied succeed in rendering the election null by rendering it no true exercise of judgment at all?

A first answer in the negative to this question seems to be that the Romans never made the slightest attempt to press upon the Cardinals any particular individual. "We want a Roman, or at least an Italian," they said; and, although we must condemn the threats with which they accompanied their demand, their demand was in itself both reasonable and moderate. An abundance of suitable Italians, and even of Romans could doubtless be found, any one of whom they were prepared to accept. Presumably, knowing the usual practice of elections, they thought of the four Italian, or the two Roman Cardinals, in the Conclave, and this is how their clamours were interpreted by Roderigo Bernardi, the Spanish representative, who took evidence later on, from witnesses who had been mixed up in the affair, for the sake of the King of Castile.¹ Still they did nothing to press these names on the Conclave, and in fact no one of them was chosen. On the other hand, they most certainly never pressed upon the Conclave the Archbishop of Bari, a man whose name was so little known to them, that when they first heard it mentioned as that of the elect, they mistook it for the name of another who was specially displeasing, and received it with expressions of intense indignation. Thus in their selection of Prignani from the indefinite number of Italian prelates, the Cardinals cannot reasonably be said to have been following any other preference save their own. In short, although there was intimidation, it was intimidation resisted, not yielded to, or so far as it was yielded to, yielded to only to the extent of hiding the true choice for a while and protecting it by the counterfeit presentation to the intimidators of the Cardinal of St. Peter's.

The Cardinals, however, attempted to break the force of this argument against them in their Encyclical from Anagni by the plea that they did not elect Bartholomew Prignani at all while in the Conclave; that at least they did not elect him to be the Pope. Finding their liberty destroyed, they tell us they named him as a *locum tenens* only, selecting him for this function because they deemed him to be one who would make a good Pope, and whom, if he should be proved to suit, they could elect again properly as soon as the present danger was past; because also they believed him to be one, who, if they should think good afterwards to dis-

¹ Gayet, ii. P.J. pp. 139, 140.

regard him, would be quite willing to withdraw. But in putting forward this explanation of their action, the Cardinals practically gave away their case. We have the deposition of the Cardinal de Luna; of him who became the second Pope of the opposition line, and was not likely to err in favour of his adversaries.¹ According to this deposition, on the morning after the election, when the Cardinals who had fled from the Vatican were still hiding in St. Angelo and elsewhere, Prignani sent for De Luna, and asked him whether he had been truly elected or not. De Luna's answer was that Prignani had been most certainly and validly elected. Nor is there any suggestion that this answer was rendered in fear. De Luna's case for himself in answer to the interrogatories of the King of Aragon, given in 1384, is that he personally did really mean to elect Urban, and that till he went to Anagni, he had supposed that the others also had meant to choose him for the true Pope; that it was not till he heard three months later, at Anagni, the explanation which the rest gave of the nature of their votes, that he perceived the election to have been unreal.

Now if this statement of De Luna's is correct, and it would be hard to contest it, none of the electors could have signified to Urban that they were not choosing him as a true, but only as a provisional Pope. And yet, on the other hand, is it credible that if the Cardinals had meant to elect him only provisionally, they could have failed to signify to him the nature of his position? Certainly if they did practise upon him so odious a deception, they had no cause for surprise when afterwards he refused to believe what was in its own nature so incredible. Certainly if they did, a secret reservation of this kind must be deemed null, and that is why we submit that in urging this strange plea they were giving away their case.

If in their Encyclical letter the Cardinals were obliged to acknowledge that they had at least in some sense elected Urban, and we have learnt otherwise that whatever reservation they may have intended was purely internal, we have further evidence that externally many of them professed clearly that the election was without any reservation whatever. This is certainly true of Pedro de Luna, as we have heard, and the four Italian Cardinals also persisted throughout in the same story; saying that they themselves had meant to elect him, but that they had been induced, when at Anagni, to believe the

¹ Gayet, ii. p. 157.

election invalid, because the votes of the rest turned out to have been unreal. Also St. Catharine of Sweden, a Swedish princess, who was present in Rome during the Conclave, whose rank gave her access to reliable information, and whose sanctity is a guarantee for her truthfulness and impartiality, made a deposition, in which it stated that

While the Cardinals were in the Conclave, the adversaries (*i.e.*, the Clementines) were agreed about electing the Lord Urban, then Archbishop of Bari. Being asked how she knew this she answered that she had heard it from the Cardinal of Poitiers, and many other Cardinals, namely, that they had elected the said Supreme Pontiff unanimously and with a good and perfect will, and exhorted the said lady (herself) to believe and hold firmly that he was the true and legitimate Pope, elected canonically and at the bidding of the Holy Spirit.¹

Further, the Cardinals of Limoges, of Viviers, and d'Aigrefeuille-in giving their votes, and perhaps others, used the form, "I elect him to be the true Pope."² Thus we have at least nine Cardinals, of whom it is proved that they had no thought of electing a provisional Pope. If of the other seven nothing certain is directly known, we may at least, when supported by the evidence previously given, think it probable that these also, whatever in common with the three above-mentioned Ultramontanes, they may have said at Anagni, gave a real and not a delusive vote.

And to these arguments add this last, that the Cardinals by their story are compelled to bear witness against themselves: witness so terrible, that even in their interest we should prefer to disbelieve it. If their witness is true, what men they must have been! In Cardinals of Holy Church one would expect to find a noble Christian courage, and yet they represent themselves to us as the victims of the most abject, the most grovelling fear. They elect under fear, but elect fraudulently. They return from their place of security the next day, set the elect on the throne, proclaim him to all. Having set the example themselves, they stand by watching, while others on the faith of their word pay homage to one whom they would not dream of kneeling to unless he were the true Pope. They actually go through the religious ceremony of crowning him, although if their later witness is true, that act was sacrilegious. They co-operate with him in public acts of the highest importance, the validity or invalidity of which affected the peace and well-being of

¹ Rinaldi, n. 23, in ann. 1379.

² Gayet, i. 322.

kingdoms, such as the promotion of Charles IV.'s son, Wenceslaus, to the Empire. And they persist in this fraud for three months, not disclosing it until the disclosure became desirable in order to secure themselves against Urban's contemplated reform in their lives and incomes. Is it not more rational to reject a story which lands us in so many contradictions, and believe that these Cardinals, though they afterwards drifted into a grievous sin, and involved the Church in a long schism, were guiltless at the time of the Conclave of the multiplied wickedness with which they afterwards charged themselves?

To say, however, that the Urbanist succession was valid is by no means the same as to assert that it was seen to be valid by the world at that time. We have the testimony of St. Antoninus, an excellent witness who lived on the borders of that age and wrote its history, and who tells us, that

Each party or obedience, had many scholars learned in theology and canon law all the time that the schism lasted, and even men of the greatest piety, nay (what is more) men illustrious for miracles; nor could the question ever be so cleared up as not to leave doubts in the minds of many.¹

And Pastor tells us that

The extreme confusion is evidenced by the fact that canonized saints are found amongst the adherents of each of the rivals. St. Catharine of Siena and her namesake of Sweden stand opposed to St. Vincent Ferrer and the Blessed Peter of Luxemburg, who acknowledged the French Popes. All the writings of the period give more or less evidence of the conflicting opinions which prevailed, and upright men afterwards confessed, that they had been unable to find out which was the true Pope.²

It must be observed, however, that the two St. Catharines were in a better position to estimate the evidence than the other two mentioned. They lived nearer to the spot, and had the question brought under their notice from the moment when it first arose. St. Catharine of Sweden, as we have said, was in Rome at the time of the Conclave, and was familiar with most of those who took part in it. St. Catharine of Siena, though at Florence, had for some time been labouring actively in the cause of the re-establishment of the Papacy in its natural home, and had her hand on all the springs of authentic information.

¹ *Chron.* p. 111, tit. 22, cap. 2.

² *Ibid.* p. 138.

St. Vincent Ferrer, on the other hand, was at the time of the Conclave a young Dominican at Barcelona engaged in his studies, and did not come into contact with any of the persons concerned till seven years later, when he heard the story from the interested lips of Pedro de Luna. Blessed Peter of Luxemburg was also far off in his own country, and still younger when Urban was elected. He was then but ten years old. He also only came in contact with the party of Clement some years later, and he died at the early age of eighteen. St. Vincent, too, although for a long time he adhered to Pedro de Luna at Avignon, became afterwards convinced that Pedro was in the wrong, and was mainly instrumental in detaching France and Spain from his allegiance. In the testimony and conduct of these saintly persons, we have the advantage of evidence which is at least free from the suspicion of insincerity or of any lower motives.

We have terrible accounts of the condition of the Church while this disastrous schism was running its course.

Uncertainty [says Pastor] as to the title of its ruler is ruinous to a nation; this schism affected the whole of Christendom, and called the very existence of the Church into question. The discord touching its Head necessarily permeated the whole body of the Church; in many dioceses two Bishops were in arms for the possession of the episcopal throne, two abbots in conflict for an abbey. The confusion was indescribable.¹

"Kingdom rose up against kingdom," says Abbot Ludolf of Sagan, "province against province, clergy against clergy, theologians against theologians, parents against children, and children against parents." And we can readily imagine what further evils must have sprung from the all-pervading discord, evils all the more lamentable because the schism occurred just when there was urgent need for large reforms in the life of clergy and people. It is possible, however, to imagine things to have been worse than they really were. The fact that all through the schism a preacher like St. Vincent Ferrer could be passing through every country, stimulating the fervour of the just, and arousing sinners to penance on every side, shows how possible it was even then for the spiritual power of the Church to assert itself, for the good corn to hold its own in the midst of the tares.

¹ Pastor, *Ibid.* p. 141.

Such is the story of the origins of the Great Schism of the West. In a future article we will take up the thread again, and relate by what means its extinction was for long impeded, and by what means at last happily accomplished. This, however, seems the proper place for answering the apparently serious theological difficulty from which we started. How can it be held that unity is an essential mark of the Church, in the face of a schism lasting so long and destroying the Church's unity in its very centre?

The answer is not so difficult as might be thought. Throughout this article the customary designation has been retained, and we have spoken of the Great Western Schism. But this schism was not a schism in the ordinary sense of the term. For by schism is ordinarily meant withdrawal of obedience from one who is known to be the unquestionably legitimate Roman Pontiff. It is quite possible and likely that the authors of the mischief, whom we cannot but identify with the Cardinals who withdrew from Urban after electing him, were schismatics in the true sense. But the name is not truly applicable to the vast number of prelates and Christian people who, amidst so many conflicting testimonies, were utterly unable to discover which was the true Pontiff. These were not schismatics, because they acknowledged the Papal authority, did their best to discover who was its true living incumbent, and were prepared to submit at once when the discovery was made. There was, moreover, a true Pope all the time, for the fact that this truth was involved in doubt for many minds did not make it less a truth; and this true Pope was a true fountain of authority and a true centre of unity to all the world. To the large numbers who were in overt communion with him he was centre of unity and fountain of authority in the formal and direct sense, and to all those who through no personal fault were in overt communion with his rival, he was still centre of unity and fountain of authority in a very real sense. It was he towards whom their efforts to ascertain the truth were leading them, and in return, since his excommunication were never meant to brand those who were only the victims of inculpable error, they were enjoying the fruits of his jurisdiction in their reception of the sacraments from the pastors whom they deemed to be legitimate.

But it will be said, granting all that you say, is it conceivable on the supposition that the Papacy is the divinely appointed centre of the Church's unity, that God could have permitted

such general uncertainty as to the true occupant of the Apostolic See to endure for nearly forty years? The answer to this is that we can only gather what is consistent with God's Providence from the actual facts. God has chosen to invite the co-operation of man's will in the election of Popes, as in the perpetuation of other Divine institutions; and where there is an elective system there is a necessary liability for doubts and disputes over the results to arise. God might interpose specially to prevent these, and He will certainly watch lest the effects should be so far-reaching as to destroy altogether an institution whose continued existence is essential to the continued existence of the Catholic Church. But beyond that we have no means of deciding at what point God must owe it to His own Majesty to interpose. We can only start from the antecedent presumption gathered from His general dealings with man's free-will in other departments of human life, which indicate that the permission of evil will probably be very large, and then go on to read the actual determinations of His Providence in the actual events. If they seem to us at times as in the case of the great schism to be perplexing, we must await the day when God's counsels will disclose themselves to us under a clearer light. And at the same time we must be careful not to fix our attention so exclusively on the dark side of the events which trouble us as to forget that there is another challenging our attention. If it is a marvel that a schism in the Papacy should have been allowed to last for forty years, is it not a still greater marvel and a manifest proof of the divinity of the Papacy, that it should have been able to survive so great a strain, and recover all and more than all its pristine majesty?

Still, if we must be careful not to exaggerate the laceration of the Church's unity through this schism of thirty-eight years, let us not attempt to deny that it was a terrible scandal and did incalculable harm. It must have caused the loss of innumerable souls while it lasted, and in weakening the reverence for Papal authority it paved the way for the real schism which arose a century and a half later, and is still continuing. The responsibility for so much evil must have pressed heavily on its reckless authors when they stood to render their account at the bar of the Divine justice, and it would have been well if the warning of their example had been more assiduously before the minds of those who came after them. The true lesson of

the schism is to teach us how much harm can be done by powerful sovereigns when, in the furtherance of their purely temporal interests, they use the sword to overthrow God's appointed order, and subordinate Church to State. The French Kings in this were doing exactly what Henry VIII. did later. In the one case the result was to involve the entire Church in the calamities of a thirty-eight years' schism. In the other the result was to involve a noble people in the still worse calamity of utter and perhaps perpetual separation from their rightful participation in the Church's sacraments.

S. F. S.

Ursel': a Scotch Story.

CHAPTER I.

THE banns had been cried, the wedding-eve had come, the shrill village clock had long struck nine, and Mrs. Murdoch, the bride's step-mother, was still at the baking-board in busy preparation for the morrow's feast.

The bride stood at the window, her straight features accented against the uncurtained pane, her hands idly crossed.

Her step-mother looked sharply up at her from time to time.

"What ails ye, Ursel'?" she asked at last.

"Speak oot, lass," after a moment's pause.

Still no reply.

"For Gude's sake, Ursel'," rubbing the sticky dough from her fingers and unpinning her baking brat (apron), and going to the girl's side, "for Gude's sake, lass, dinna tell me ye ha'e ta'en the rue!"

The girl turned and was about to speak, when a step in the passage made them start apart, Mrs. Murdoch going back to her baking-board, Ursel' catching up her work.

The new-comer, who had prefaced his entrance with a scraping of feet and dry cough, greeted the women with a nod apiece and dry "Gude-e'en," and seated himself by the fire.

Mrs. Murdoch, after a furtive glance at her step-daughter, returned the "Gude-e'en."

"Yer finished?" the new arrival asked, after a pause, while he carefully filled his pipe.

"There's no' siccan press," Mrs. Murdoch replied, as she dusted the girdle for another batch of floury scones, "we'll ha'e a' the fore-day."

The bridegroom gave a contemptuous grunt. "Ye'll be ready gin yer mither's no'?" he said, turning to the girl, who was now standing opposite him, leaning against the mantel-piece.

"Aye, Ursel's a' ready," her step-mother answered quickly, making her a sign to speak.

"She's a tongue o' her ain, I'm thinkin'," the man said, drily; lifting a glowing peat to his pipe.

"Ye munna be hard on Ursel' the nicht," Mrs. Murdoch said, after another glance at her silent step-daughter. "Be aff t'yer bed, Ursel, lass, or ye'll no' be fit t'be seen the morn."

"What ails her?" the bridegroom asked, taking the pipe from his mouth to watch her as she left the room.

"Nocht ails her," the step-mother said, with decision, "but Ursel's no licht lass, McKean, an' marriage's a serious thing."

"Aye, marriage's a serious thing," the bridegroom acquiesced.

There was silence, only broken by Mrs. Murdoch's step as she went backwards and forwards to the fire.

"Whaur's the gude-man?" the man asked suddenly.

"Up at McCaas', he's waur, an' Nanny, puir body's fair dune."

"Weel, gin I'm no' t'see him, I'm aff," McKean said, presently shaking the ashes from his pipe.

"We needna' luik for ye the morn till six?" Mrs. Murdoch asked, following him to the door.

"No' to six," and with a parting nod the bridegroom went his way.

The baking done, Mrs. Murdoch "red-up" (tidied) the home, and, knitting in hand, seated herself by the fire. It was not worth her while to go to bed, when an hour or two would bring her husband home from his sick-watch wanting his dish of tea.

"What ailed the lass?" she asked herself as her needles clicked in their rapid round, "she had never ta'en the rue at this time o' day! McKean was auld, there was no denyin' that, saxty odd, an' Ursel' no' auchteen! But what was that, when a' was an' dune! He was a gran' match, as a' the Clachan said, plate-glass windows in the shop, an' wha cud tell the gear" (money!).

There is little romance in the Lowland peasant of to-day, and small respect for his womenkind. Mrs. Murdoch, the daughter of the gate-keeper at the big house, had always kept herself respectable, and to do her justice, she had kept her step-daughter respectable too. Ursel' had grown up a modest, unassuming lass, and, so far, fancy free.

Mrs. Murdoch's liking for her step-daughter, the child of Murdoch's dead Swedish wife, had been the happiest element in her married life, but, "two families never get on!" and the

hope that had come to her late in middle life, unconfessed even to her husband as yet, had as much to do with her encouragement of McKean's suit, as her pride at seeing the great man of the village at the girl's feet; her husband, too, was kept in good humour by the thought of the grand match his daughter was about to make.

As for the girl herself, her father's rough temper and satirical tongue were the daily terror of her life. She never had disputed his will, and when McKean, who was his cousin, and not unlike him in temper and in ways, had "spiered" her (proposed to her) through him, seeing what her answer was expected to be, she had indifferently acquiesced, accepting her suitor's bags of sweets and almonds from the shop, and occasional pats on the shoulder—his nearest approach to any demonstration of affection—almost as a matter of course. She did not dislike McKean, with whom she had been a favourite even as a child, but as the wedding-day drew near, a dread of her future life had seized her, inexplicable even to herself—nature crying for something, she knew not what.

"There cudna be onybody else?" Mrs. Murdoch asked herself, getting up to heap more peats on the open hearth. "No, Ursel' had no freens among the lads," shaking her head.

She was haunted by the girl's white face, and presently, lighting a candle, she slipped off her shoes and crept up the ladder that led to the loft that served for Ursel's room. The girl was sleeping placidly, her mouth a little bit open like a child, and relieved, she crept down the stairs again. It was natural enough a young thing should be anxious-like, once married all would be well.

Murdoch came home towards two, his temper not improved by his vigil. To his wife's inquiries for the invalid, he returned a surly "There's little ails him that I can see," and drank the cup of tea that was ready for him without a word.

"James was up yestreen," Mrs. Murdoch began timidly, standing by his chair.

"Aye."

"He's a heap aulder than Ursel'." Mrs. Murdoch's thoughts were still with her sleeping step-daughter.

No response.

"Ursel's but young," plaiting her apron with her hand.

"Ursel's young an' Jamie's auld! An' ye ha'e only fun' that oot the noo!" her husband remarked satirically.

"Weel, it's no' nateral like," after a pause.

"Ye ha'e fun' that oot too!"

"It's no' nateral, Rab, it's no' nateral!" the woman repeated nervously.

"Ye tuk a braw young lad yersel'!" ironically.

The blood rushed to Mrs. Murdoch's face, and satisfied with the effect of his words, her husband gave a grim smile, and changing his tone, "See here, my leddy," he said, "I'll ha'e nane o' yer clavers (nonsense) pit in Ursel's heed, min' ye that," and pushing back his chair, went off to bed.

Six o'clock brought Ursel' down, and her mother and she took a bite standing by the fire and set to work to arrange the house for the ceremony of the afternoon. The parlour had to be cleared, leaving a space for the bridal party in the centre of the room, the table, carried to the kitchen, would be set out presently for the tea.

The girl, refreshed by her long, unbroken sleep and working too busily to have time for thought, looked more cheerful her step-mother fancied than the day before.

At twelve Murdoch, who had been working in the yard, came in for his dinner, an egg, loafbread and a second edition of tea to-day.

He looked sharply at his wife and daughter, who before him seldom opened their lips. His meal slowly and methodically finished, he called to his wife to bring him his keys, and unlocking a blue seaman's chest that stood behind the door, took out a leather pouch.

"It's a fine match ye'r makin', Ursel'," he said with another sharp glance at her pale face.

"I'm sayin' it's a gran' match ye'r makin'," he repeated with emphasis, as the girl made no reply.

"Aye."

"An' ye'll no' gang toom-pocketed (with empty pockets) either, I can tell ye that!" with pride, and carefully untying the pouch, he counted out five pounds and handed them to her.

The girl, amazed, looked at her step-mother, who gave her a nod. "Tak' them," she said, "you'll be none the waur o' a groat o' yer ain betimes."

"See ye dinna tint (lose) them," her father added severely, "five pun', I can tell ye, 's no' sae easy got."

Six o'clock had come, the big kettle was boiling on the kitchen fire, the tea "masking" to requisite blackness on the

hob, the table—bending under its unwonted load of high-piled scones, and mutton, ham, and cheese, and jams—was spread. In the parlour, Ursel', her hair done up for the first time in great pale plaits that nearly hid her head, was standing in her dark blue merino dress by her bridegroom's side.

The minister had given the "Blessing" that, finishing his long homily on the duties of the married state, left them man and wife.

The bridegroom, country-fashion, bent his head to kiss his bride, but Ursel', with a gentle side motion, darted to her mother's side, and a laugh went round as, with an angry glance at the girl, he sullenly wiped his mouth.

After congratulations and shakings of hands, Mrs. Murdoch, with a whispered word to her husband, threw open the kitchen door and, led by the minister with Ursel' on his arm, the company went in to tea.

"Ye gied nane o' us the beverage (first kiss), Mrs. McKean," the minister said with a chuckle, as Ursel' started at the sound of her new name.

"Ye'll be a' the richer, McKean," a man put in. The bridegroom responded with a surly grunt.

It passed through the minister's mind, looking from one to the other of the newly-married pair, that it was not a very suitable match, but folk, as he reassuringly told himself, knew their own business best.

Murdoch and McKean were Cameronians and "strict," and there was not the dance that, as a rule, follows a wedding in these parts. Tea over, the guests went back to the parlour to amuse themselves as best they might, discussing the last bit of gossip or news, and inspecting, one by one, the big family Bible the minister had brought for his senior elder's bride.

At nine, whiskey and glasses were brought, and the health of the happy pair, proposed by the minister, drank, and then, at a sign from her mother, the bride slipped away.

Mrs. Murdoch followed to put on her hat and cape, and wrap her in her own warm shawl. "Ye'r cauldri', Ursel'," she said, anxiously, feeling her chilly, shaking hand; "an' I'll get it back the morn. Ye munna be feared, lassie, McKean 'll be real gude t' ye," she added, and for a moment held her in her arms and then led her to her bridegroom, who, the big Bible under his arm, was waiting for her at the outer door, and "linking" (arm in arm) for the first time, the bride and bridegroom stole away.

McKean's shop was among the better houses at the foot of the village; the night was dark, the oil lamps were few and far between, and almost unnoticed they reached their destination.

McKean, giving Ursel' the Bible to hold, took the key from his pocket and unlocked the door, and, stooping, took the candle and matches put in preparation and struck a light. The unaired home felt cold and damp and smelled of the heterogeneous goods piled up together in the shop.

Except for the feebly burning dip McKean carried in his hand, all was darkness as Ursel', trembling, followed him along the passage to the kitchen where the smouldering fire was hapt (covered).

McKean stirred it into a feeble blaze, and taking the candle again with, "I mun see a's recht i' the shop," left her.

Alone, Ursel' looked wildly round, one thought possessed her, how to get away!

The fire flickered up, before her was the door that opened from the kitchen on the back street. The next moment she had unbolted it, closed it again, and was flying for her life along the road.

McKean, after carefully inspecting the shuttered shop-window, closed with iron bars, and the locks and fastenings of the till, took out his keys, and opened a small drawer fixed in the counter. He had a "surprise" for Ursel', a "real" gold watch, bought in his last visit to Glasgow to buy goods. "No' anither wife in the clachan had the like," he told himself with pride, inspecting it in its little purple velvet case with what was almost a smile on his hard face at the thought of the girl's pleasure in his gift. He went back to the kitchen, and not finding Ursel' there, he busied himself lighting a small lamp, and drawing a round table from the window to the fire, set out the Bible ready for prayers, opening it at the first chapter in Genesis. "They'd read it thro'," he thought. Next he placed two chairs, and sitting down, waited. Still the girl did not come, and going to the foot of the stairs, he "cried her" to come down. There was no answer, and thinking she was taking off her wraps, he went back to his seat by the fire.

Presently he called her again, impatiently, "Ursel', I'm waitin' on ye!" Still no response, and no step sounded overhead. Taking his candle, he went upstairs—the girl was not there, nor had she taken off her hat or cape.

Had she gone to the parlour?—all was quiet there.

"Ursel'!" He was getting angry.

"It was no' a bonnie trick to play him on his waddin'-day. Ursel'!"

No reply.

Had she run back to her stepmother, who, but for her father, would have spoiled her lang-syne, as everybody knew? Or had she forgotten something? He would wait.

Eleven struck, he got restless, and went to the street-door. It was as he had left it on coming in, locked and barred.

"Ursel'!" he called again. He was in a white heat of rage now. "Makin' a fule o' me, like this!" he muttered to himself.

He went to the back-door next—that was unfastened; and, as he opened it, the wind that had risen since sunset, and betokened a change of weather, blew his candle out. He drew the door-to with an oath.

After all, if she had forgotten something. She might have gone that way to her father's, he reflected after a minute or two. Fewer people would be about, and she would be less likely to meet the wedding-folk, and sitting down again he determined to wait.

Twelve! "Weel, gin she'd gone, she might stay for him!" His anger had risen again.

One! He put on his cap, and going out by the back-door, crept stealthily up the street, and round the corner that led to the High Street and Murdoch's home. The lights were out, and in answer to his "chaps" (knock) at the window, Murdoch's voice asked sleepily, "Wha's there?"

"It's me," in loud whisper, "McKean."

"What's wrang?" Mrs. Murdoch's voice this time. McKean could hear her spring from bed, and in a moment she had huddled on some clothes, and was at the door.

"Ha'e ye Ursel' here?" McKean asked, peering round the room. Murdoch had struck a light.

"Ursel', gude save us!" and Mrs. Murdoch was hurrying down the street before the man could say another word.

"She cudna be in the watter." Mrs. Murdoch remembered gratefully that, thanks to the long dry spring, there was not water in the Auchen "t' droon a moose." She waited breathlessly at the door till joined by her husband and McKean, but except the unbolted door, there was no trace of the girl.

CHAPTER II.

URSEL' ran on, the one overpowering *instinct*, we may call it, escape.

A rough, "Yez late afut, mistress," brought her to herself. She recognized the voice as that of a man who worked at odd jobs on the outlying farms, and was none too steady in his ways. He was tipsy now, and adding a rough jest, went reeling on his way.

The girl stopped, her mind clear again, the temporary delirium—it was little else—passed. She did not fear recognition, the sky was covered, the night dark, but what had she done? What would her father, what would McKean do or think? They would fell (kill) her between them, she thought, with a shiver. There was no two ways. She must go on—but how, where?

The rattle of the great south express, the red lights of the engine flashing past on the line that lay nearly parallel to the road, answered her. She had been shaking with exhaustion, hope brought fresh strength. Her father's five pounds were in her pocket, she put down her hand to feel that they were safe. She had no idea of the time, but there was no gleam of dawn yet. Could she reach the D—— Junction by four, she could catch the morning train she knew. She drew her shawl close round her, and walked quickly on.

At the entrance of the straggling town the junction had made, she took off her shawl and pinned it over her head—an unnecessary precaution, for few people knew her, and fewer still were at that hour about. A sleepy porter told her "she," meaning the train, would soon be up, offered to get her ticket, and asked her her destination. Again chance favoured the girl. While she hesitated, her eye fell on a framed time-table—the bigger towns printed in large letters—hanging under the lamp near which she stood. K——, that would do as well as anywhere else!

The train, punctual to a moment, came panting in, and the next instant, Ursel', ticket in hand, was hustled into an empty third-class.

Huddled up in a corner, shivering with cold and trembling from excitement, the girl scarcely knew how the hours went by.

Once, when they stopped, the guard came and spoke to her and advised her to get out and have a cup of tea, and a working-man passing, seeing her white face, offered her a mouthful from the bottle of whiskey he took from his pocket, but to both the girl only shook her head.

Eight o'clock found her standing, giddy and confused on the platform at K—.

Had she a box? The porter looked at her suspiciously, she thought. She answered quickly in the negative, and fancying he was still watching her, after a moment's hesitation followed the stream of foot-passengers into the street.

The excitement, the long fast, the unaccustomed bustle of the great street, made her head whirl, and seeing a small baker's shop she went in and asked for a drink.

The man, giving her a glass of water, asked if she were ill, and advised her to get home as quickly as possible. She thanked him and went out into the street again. A policeman passed her as she hesitated which direction to take, and she followed him, trying to summon courage to ask him if he could tell her of a quiet lodging. At the corner of the street he stopped, and at the sound of her voice turned sharply round.

Could he tell her where she could find a bed?

"Yer a stranger?"

"Aye, sir," she fancied that the policeman too looked at her suspiciously.

"Lookin' oot for a bit (place)?"

"Aye, sir," she was so wearied and frightened she was all but crying now.

The man looked at her keenly, and seemingly satisfied with his scrutiny, went on, "Weel, ye seem a decent lass, *Mistress* I should say," glancing at her wedding-ring, "an' I wudna' say, gin Bell Rammage isna fu', she'd mebbe tak ye in."

"Mistress!" Ursel's face grew crimson as she tried to twist the forgotten ring from her finger. Again the man looked at her. Well, Bell Rammage could look after herself! and without further parley he led the way down a couple of cross streets, still in his beat, to a respectable enough looking house.

Mrs. Rammage's unlicensed lodging-house for "pedlar-bodies" and the better class of tramps, was winked at by the authorities as supplying a want and as decently enough kept.

Mrs. Rammage herself, a fat, oppressed looking woman, with one twin in her arms and another clinging to her skirts,

came with all the peace of a good conscience at the policeman's call.

"I'm fu', Kirkpatrick," she said, shaking her head, then seeing the girl's dismay, "she's welcome to rest here a wee, an' I'll get her a cup o' tea."

The policeman looked at Ursel', and the girl gave an acquiescing nod, and tried to thank him as he bade her gude day and with a parting admonition to Mrs. Rammage to keep her weans off the street, went his way.

"Ye'll be by the train?" the woman asked, bustling about to get the promised tea.

"Aye."

"They're wearing things," sympathetically, "I'd raather fut it mesel!"

"Aye," Ursel' said again.

"Yer kist (box) 'll be at the station?"

Ursel' started, her mother and she had kept many a thing from her father, but a deliberate lie the girl had never told in her life, and her face grew crimson as she shook her head.

"Nae odds, nae odds," Mrs. Rammage said, quickly, seeing the girl's confusion.

"Ye'll ha'e freens here?" she continued after a pause, standing over Ursel', big brown teapot in her hand.

No answer came, and next moment the girl began to cry.

"Hoots, hoots," Mrs. Rammage cried, "I didna think t' pit ye about. It'll be the first time ye'll ha'e been awa', puir lass."

Accustomed to "all sorts and conditions of men" and—women, Mrs. Rammage had summed Ursel' up at once as a decent country lass on her way to a place. A friend too, for ought she knew of the officer who had brought her, and Mrs. Rammage had her reasons for wishing to stand well with the force.

"Hoots, toots," she repeated, patting her encouragingly on the shoulder, "ye'll get ower 't like the rest o' us."

By and by, her head on the table, the girl fell asleep, and it was nearly one when, awoke by some clatter on the hearth, she started up. Mrs. Bell was skimming her pot of mutton-broth swimming with greens and grease.

"Ye've had a gran' sleep," she said, approvingly, "red yersel' up a wee" (tidy yourself), opening the door of the closet that held the press-bed and various odds and ends, "an' come an' ha'e a bite"

Ursel' mechanically did as she was told, but she could not swallow the proffered food.

The sickly twin was crying in his cot, rocked by a passing touch of his mother's foot from time to time. Ursel' took him, and, pleased with the change, he soon was sleeping on her knee. Mrs. Rammage looked her approval.

"I wasna' as auld as you whan I got my man," she said, "an' I'm forty odd noo. It's been a lang captivity," shaking her head, from which Ursel' argued Mr. Rammage was not all he ought to be.

"It'll be a bit yer after?" she continued, curiosity unappeased. Ursel' eagerly acquiesced.

"We'el bide a wee, an' gin I'm red up I'll t' the register wi' je mesel'."

As the day wore on, the girl's sense of desolation increased ; at moments she was almost ready to brave all consequences and go home, then came the thought of McKean's dark face, the chill dreary house, her father's rage.

"Ye cudna' keep me?" she suddenly appealed. And while Mrs. Rammage stood too startled to reply, "I ha'e siller," she cried, and drew out the long red silk-knitted purse with rings, her step-mother had given her to hold her father's gift.

Mrs. Rammage's eye fell on the little bundle of notes, the loose silver at the other end. That all was not right she had her suspicions, but—the lass had siller, she looked decent, Kirkpatrick knew her.

"I wadna say," she said, slowly, after a moment's deliberation, "I wadna say, but mebbe my mither wud ha'e ye;" and as Ursel' looked up at her, eagerly, "Weel bide a wee, an' I'll awa roun' an' see."

Ursel' sat patiently, the sleeping child on her lap, while her hostess made up the fire and put the kettle on the hob.

"I'm thinkin' ye micht as weel come roun' yersel'," she said, presently, when she had put on a clean apron and "dichted" her hands on a towel that hung behind the door, and going to the door she "cried" to a neighbour lass to come an' min' the weans.

Ursel' followed her silently round the corner of the street and down a dingy close, to a house conspicuous by one white-washed "en'" and gay green door. This Mrs. Rammage pushed open without any ceremony and led the way to a small room at the back.

"I ha'e brocht ye a ludger, mith'er," she shouted to a white-faced old woman, sitting by the window busy at work.

Even in her trouble Ursel' noticed the scrupulous cleanliness of her dress, and the whiteness of the stiffly-starched and goffered mutell."

"Ye're aye mindfu'," taking off her spectacles to look up with a smile in her daughter's face, and then scrutinizingly at Ursel'.

"She's a decent lass," Mrs. Rammage shouted again, "a freen o' Kirkpatrick's."

The old woman nodded, and Ursel' looked up. "If it's the policeman," she said, her face reddening as she spoke, "ye munna think that, I never set eyes on him till the day."

"Hoots, hoots," Mrs. Bell said, winking at her to hold her tongue.

"What odds? Ye'll tak' her mith'er?" with another shout.

"'Gin her kist's (box) no big," dubiously. After the first look she had not lifted her eyes from her work.

Ursel' looked round. Two beds, end to end, stood behind the door, covered with elaborate patch-work quilts. A dresser with bowls and jugs, and a tall old-fashioned mahogany chest of drawers, set out with a couple of pink-lined shells, a basket of madeira flowers, a china figure under a glass case, a rough print of the Madonna, blue cloaked and veiled, a crowned and dimpled Infant in her arms hanging above, faced the window. The meal-ark (chest) fitted into a recess on one side of the fire, on the other stood a big arm-chair, covered with faded chintz. A square table with flaps occupied the centre of the floor; at a smaller, where the light fell on her sewing, Peggie Nolan sat at work. A third, round and three-legged, was covered with pots of lemon, thyme, and musk. Half a dozen chairs of different shapes and size completed the inventory, leaving scarcely standing space for Ursel' and Mrs. Rammage.

"Her kist's at the station," Mrs. Bell shouted again, the old woman nodded, and this time Ursel', after one quick look, shamefacedly acquiesced. In Mrs. Bell's half Celtic nature imaginings were facts.

"Ye'll tak' her?"

The old woman again nodded and Mrs. Rammage turned to Ursel', "Ye mun mak' yer bargain ye ken."

Ursel's face flushed, was it a hint? "I ha'ena paid ye," she said, hurriedly pulling out her purse.

"Hoots!" the woman said, good-naturedly, "dw ye think I'd tak' siller for a cup o' tea," pushing the proffered shilling away.

The bargain struck, Mrs. Rammage left, "Weel, noo that settled I'm aff," bade them good-day. She had forgotten all about the registry office, and Ursel' was thankful to be at rest.

"Ye'll ha'e had yer denner?" said Mrs. Nolan, getting up to draw forward the big lug-chair, and bid the girl make herself at home.

Ursel' sat watching the busy big-veined old hands, and at last ventured a timid, "It's bonnie, yon."

"Aye, its bonnie," with conscious pride, "han' wark every haet (bit) ye'll no fin' the real gentry taks up wi' thae machines," scorn in the word.

She held up the delicate lawn chemise with its soft frills of yellow-hued valenciennes that had the cachet finger-work alone can give, for Ursel's nearer inspection.

The girl's stepmother came of the older generation of Ayrshire women that could sew, and presently, weary of idleness, she asked for a seam.

"Ye can soo?" (sew) taking off her specks again to scrutinize the girl.

"No' like you," touching the fine stitching of the "head-band," "but mebbe a side-seam."

Peggie was not proof against the flattery; she smiled, and in silence they worked together till five, when Mrs. Nolan got up to put on the kettle and prepare the tea.

"I cud mak' the scone," Ursel' said, eager for any change that would kill thought, when, going to the ark, Peggie brought out the baking-board and boul of flour. The old woman watched her critically, nodding approval of her careful handling of the "sca'ded" milk and flour, a carefulness well drilled into her by her father's penurious ways.

When Mrs. Rammage ran in at nine to "spier" how they were getting on, Ursel' was already in one patchwork covered bed, and Mrs. Nolan's verdict was "a wise-like lass."

The girl tossed restlessly the weary night, once she dropped to sleep to dream that McKean had her by the throat, a dream often to be repeated in after-years, and with a cry she awoke to find Mrs. Nolan dressing herself in the dim morning light.

CHAPTER III.

IN after-life when her home, her father, McKean, the Clachan, had faded into dim memories, Ursel' Murdoch remembered with curious distinctness her first days at Peggie Nolan's. The white old face, the goffered mutch, the linsey-wolsey gown, the crowded room, the screen covered with patched ironing-blanket, drawn modestly across while the old woman made her toilet, the frugal breakfast of dry loaf-bread and colourless tea, Mrs. Bell's brisk morning entrance, with double-lidded basket on her arm, and shoulder-shawl pinned over her sleek head, a wealth of pennies jingling in her palm, ready to do her mother's marketing with her own.

She could recall every detail of her walk to the servants' office, the "Registrar" recommended by Mrs. Bell, the cobbled street, the corner market-place where trucks of cabbages and savoys and strung onions stood, the bargaining women, the coarse if witty give and take, even Mrs. Bell's gay, "Weel, a gawin' body's aye gettin', as they say," when a shock-headed, long-lipped compatriot, tossed a couple of huge swedes into her basket with, "The bairns 'll be after their bogie, I'm thinkin'!" for Hallowe'en and its rites were close at hand.

The office itself, tobacconist and sweetie-shop combined, the sober-faced proprietor's scrutiny, Mrs. Bell's quick, "An' what'll she be wantin' wi' references I'd like t' ken, an' it her first bit! Pit dune her name like a decent man. Kirkpatrick kens her folk. Ye can see for yersel' she's a quiet lass."

In middle life, recalling the words, Ursel's face reddened still at the humiliation of Kirkpatrick's name, at her acquiescence in the ready lie.

That things "werena a'thegither as they shud be," Mrs. Bell had a shrewd suspicion, but she had, in her way, adopted the girl, and felt herself bound to give her, as she would have said herself, "a hand."

She had come home from her expedition to find her husband, left in charge, smiling blandly in the arm-chair by the fire. It did not need the smell of whiskey to tell her he had been already paying a visit to the public round the corner. She had but one consolation, Davie had never in all their married life "lifted a han' t' her," and, indeed, the more whiskey

went down Mr. Bell's throat the stronger his affection for his wife and family grew!

"Ye didna leeve them till theirselves?" she asked, anxiously, lifting one of the twins, and turning him over as if to see no damage had been done.

Mr. Bell, with the guilty knowledge of two visits to the "Maiden" in his mind, and the remembrance of the shilling abstracted from his wife's work-box when he had sent Leezie, the eldest girl, a message to the door, fidgeted uneasily in his seat, but shirked the question with some ingenuity, shaking his head at one of the children who was about to speak.

"No' Father Clenachan himsel' cud say as I was a bad faither," he said, with decision, "an' wee Joseph growin' the very moral o' ye, Marget," coaxingly, "the very parallel o' his mither, his Reverince said this very day."

"Was his Reverence here the day?" the woman asked, surprised, looking from her husband to the eldest child. Lizzie shook her head, and Mrs. Bell with another little sigh set to her work.

Presently a little chuckle came from her husband's chair.

"I'm in luck the day," he said, "I'm thinkin'."

Mrs. Bell looked eagerly up, had he been offered a job? if he had, she recognized he was not in a fit state to take it.

"Whaur got ye that?" she asked, sharply, as he held out his hand towards her, a wedding-ring lying in the palm.

"Whaur fun' I that? I' the gutter at yer very door," with another chuckle.

"It's gowd," the woman said, when after breathing on it she had rubbed it and smelt it. "It's gowd. Lizzie, mun awa, up t' the station wi't. Wha tint it 'll be spierin' there."

"Wha tint it 'll be spierin' here afore he gets it," returned Mr. Bell, chuckling again, and taking it from her, slipped it into his pocket again.

"Gear, ill-gotten, flees," quoted Mrs. Bell with emphasis, but she did not argue the point, another dram and Davie would be asleep, and she would take it from him and send it to the police station. A guinea wedding-ring and new—who could have dropped it? No thought of Ursel' crossed the woman's mind.

That the girl, in her extremity, had chanced on a Scotch-Irish colony (if one may use the expression) was as well for herself. She was safe among the kindly, simple folk as in her own home.

Every year brought its fresh contingent, but Welshes, and Clahertys, and Connollys, and Gallaghers, and Whighams had been settled for generations in the little woollen manufacturing town. Warm-hearted, impulsive, generous, even in their faults ; ignorant certainly, and pious, who could deny ? Scotch might be their vernacular (warmed with many a racy Irish word), but to the old country they belonged in soul, and blood, and bone.

Their priest was Irish, too, "loaned" from an Irish diocese, and liable to be recalled any day. "It needs one of themselves," the shrewd old Scotch Bishop would say with the quick, genial smile that so changed and softened the rugged face. He rubbed his hands over the tale of Father Clenachan locking up his navvies on the Saturday nights, when the new line was being made, that he might march them sober to Mass next day, and he bit his lips when Jem Davis came all the way to complain, with tears, of the thrashing his Reverence had given him for taking a stick to poor sick Mary Connolly his wife. But there was not one of his flock, including Jem himself, that did not love Father Clenachan !

The days went on to find Ursel' stitching diligently by Peggie Nolan's side. The old woman had little curiosity. Mill-hands went and came ; country lasses, looking for better wages, sought the town ; Kirkpatrick knew the lass. The old woman, perhaps from the deafness that made conversation so difficult, seldom spoke, though the thin, old lips were always moving up and down.

The priest, coming on his weekly visit, would linger to watch her with tender smile, and her daughter would confide to one of her cronies now and then that, "Gude, alane, kent," raising her hands, "the *Aves* her mither gied thro' i' the day !"

Father Clenachan's first appearance in Peggie's room had given Ursel' a shock. There was no mistaking that terror to a Lowlander, the priest, and reddening under the grave scrutiny of the keen grey eyes she had slipped from her chair and made for the outer door.

She might have known it, she told herself, the Virgin above the chest of drawers, the image, *idol*, on coarse bracket by the bed, the muttered evening prayer with the monotonous dropping of the beads ! What would her father say ? For a moment the Clachan came back clearly enough, the little meeting-house, the solemn preacher, the awe-struck congregation holding

breath as he prophesied the Fall of Babylon, and promised everlasting woe to those who walked in the scarlet woman's train. She must go! Peggie had been good to her, but bide where a Mass-priest came! Turning she faced the priest again, "You must look well to Mrs. Nolan," he was saying, gravely, "has her daughter seen her? There may be some little comforts needed." The generous half-crown was in her hand and Father Clenachan gone before she had recovered sufficiently to wonder if he thought Peggie ill. Why had she not noticed the old woman looked so white?

"It was nocht," Peggie herself explained gently while the girl felt her hands and drew her chair closer to the fire, stirring it into brisk blaze on the strength of the priest's half-crown, and had she not gold in her own pocket at their need? "It was nocht, she many a time had as ill a turn." A drop of whiskey in her tea would be the thing for her, the girl thought, and half an hour later, when Peggie, warmed and comforted, was tucked up in bed, she ran round with the story to Mrs. Bell.

That lady took the news composedly. "Its no' the first, an' it'll no' be the last ill turn, I'm thinkin'," but she had her word of gratitude to the girl, and leaving her to finish putting the twins to bed, took a rise, as she said, "t' see how it was for hersel'."

Mr. Bell was giving the last effective touches to a turnip lanthorn, the fire lighting up his white shiny face, the elder children, fat smiling untidy bairns, were clustered round his knee, assisting with suggestions, and eagerly devouring the hard yellow morsels that dropped from his knife to the floor. A lodger woman was brewing a cup of tea at one side of the hearth, a man was having a bite on a chair near the door from a parcel of scraps produced from his pocket.

"Whaur gat ye yer heed," Mr. Bell presently inquired blandly, as he held the turnip from him critically.

"Ma heed?" Ursel' replied startled, putting up her hand as if to assure herself it was safe on her shoulders.

"Yer hair, gin ye'll ha'e 't," said Mr. Bell, dividing a glance between her and his work.

Ursel' understood now, she was accustomed to have remarks made on the great coils of pale glosslen hair that, added to the straight slim features, marked her of a different race from those about her.

"My mither cam' fra'e Sweden," she explained.

"Thats it, is't," replied Mr. Bell, satisfied, he was fitting in the bit of candle now. The girl started when next he spoke, she had been thinking half-guiltily that he and his handiwork had a certain resemblance. "As gude a ring as ever ye saw, a guinea gowd waddin' ring, an' in the very gutter at the door," he was explaining to the lodger who had now come near the fire. "Ye can now ha'e a luik for yersel'."

Ursel' gave a guilty gasp, and then every bit of colour left even her lips as she rose, mechanically holding the sleeping baby in her grasp.

"What is't?" Mr. Bell cried, petulantly, rising to look behind him at the door, while the ring unnoticed rolled across the floor. Lodger woman, lodger, children, all turned, but only Ursel' saw McKean in Sunday best as she had seen him last, standing white and grim, big hollow eyes fixed on her on the threshold.

The children, full of Hallowe'en terrors, scared, began to cry.

"What is't?" Mr. Bell asked, more petulantly than before, and then, as Mrs. Bell, bringing a current of fresh night air with her, came in. Ursel' drawing a long breath came to herself.

"What ails ye a'?" Mrs. Bell asked, looking from one to other of the group. "What ails ye, lass?" the girl, in her terror had clutched her by the arm.

"Gude sake, can none o' ye speak?" the terror was infectious.

When the girl, incoherently enough, had told her tale, that she had seen something, somebody at the door, Mrs. Bell did not call her a fool as she might have done on another occasion. It was Hallowe'en, when the spirit world was in conflict as everybody knew, "Auld Nick at his tricks," as the lodger said. Her heart too was tender towards the girl for the care of her mother.

Coaxed and comforted and copiously besprinkling with "blessed water," a ceremony not at all understood by the recipient, Ursel' was seen safely home by husband and wife, and left with an injunction from Mrs. Bell to "mind her prayers."

Mrs. Nolan's ill turn was a bad one this time, and Ursel' had little time to think of the apparition she had seen, or could it have been McKean in flesh and blood? The girl could not get the idea out of her head that some day he would pounce

down on her and carry her off. The old dream haunted her at nights.

It was well for her she had Peggie to nurse, her work to attend to and do. She had even received a request from the manager of the warehouse where Peggie was employed, there was a big order on and he was glad enough of another hand.

When word at last came of a place from the registrar, the old woman was still ill and Ursel' stuck to her post, and by the time she was sitting up, Ursel's fate was sealed.

"Weel, its freer than service," Mrs. Bell had said when consulted, "an' no' siccan a whirl as the mill, but it's a hard life, stitchin', when a' comes and goes, my lass."

But two instead of one made a difference as Ursel' soon found. The firm was an old one and the work was fairly paid. The old woman too grew stronger when a little bit of meat, instead of dripping, found its way into the broth-pot, and Friday's herring or egg was fresh, and the heavier work was taken off her hands.

"Yer a gude lass, Ursel'," Mrs. Bell said, one day, "it'll be a lucky man as gets ye, I can tell him that. Hoots, ye need na' be so blate," as the girl, with a shiver, turned away. "Its what be a' come t' my lass."

In having left her husband the girl had no remorse, only a fear that some day he might track her out and take her home. "It cudna ha'e been himsel'," she told herself when she thought of the apparitions at Mr. Bell's, and shuddered at the recollection of the hollow eyes.

As for her father, he had never cared for her, "no' a bawbee's worth," as she had heard the neighbours say, and she had early realized that if her step-mother was kind to her, it was from the natural kindliness of a good-natured, easy-going woman, not affection.

If Ursel's conscience was not at rest it was from a lingering compunction at living, much as she loved Peggie, in a Papist house. She never took down the idol, poor St. Joseph, to dust it with the old soft, silk handkerchief kept so sacredly for the purpose, without a certain mental protest. "He mun ha'e a new coat," Peggie had said, taking him lovingly from her one day. "Alick 'll see t' it yince he gets hame." And ever afterwards the girl connected the little statue with the Joseph of the coat of many colours of her youth.

Christmas Eve came, a "green Yule," muggy and close.

Peggie, "fetched" by Leezie, had gone to Mrs. Bell's, and Ursel', the shop work put away, was working at a new wrapper (morning gown) for herself by the fire. It was a queer notion for Peggie to go out fasting next morning, she was thinking, and it was as well the frost had gone.

She took up her scissors to clip a button-hole, the door clicked, one of the bairns come to keep her company, she thought, but what breathed through the room, sweet, fragrant. She looked up, a tall handsome lad was standing looking at her with amused smile, a great bunch of flowers in his hand.

"Peggie's no' in?" with a nod of greeting. The words were Scotch, but the voice had the fuller richer Irish tone.

"She's up t' Mrs. Bell's," Ursel said, shyly, rising.

"Weel, I ha' brocht her a fluir" (nosegay), the lad said, coming forward to the fire and looking curiously at the girl, her white face and thick pale hair. This was the lass Peggie had taken in, but he had seen her before? Then he suddenly remembered she was like a picture in the gallery of the great country house where he and some other painters had been working for the last six months. A German Madonna "with a King's ransom," the housekeeper, with whom he was a favourite, had told him one day.

"Ye're no' a Scotch woman?" he asked, suddenly.

And while the girl, discomposed, turned her face away, the likeness grew on him more and more.

"My mither was no," shyly.

To Norroway, to Norroway,
Across the saut sea faem,

the lad sang, gaily, as some little bit of gossip concerning Mrs. Nolan's lodger that had reached him through the Bell's came back to his mind.

"It wasna Norroway, it was Sweden," the girl answered curtly, rather displeased.

The lad laughed again, "Weel no offence. Ye'll gi'e Peggie her fluir," coaxingly. "She'll ken wha brocht it," and with another nod he was gone.

"It wud be Alick Burke," Peggie cried excitedly, when she got home, "Alick kens fine I set a deal by a fluir. It wud be the gairdner gied him thae." The old woman was trembling with delight as she arranged her treasure in two gaudy pots before the Virgin. "Alick's a gude lad an' a wise lad," she said, presently, "there's mair than me 'll be blythe t' see him hame."

By-and-bye, when the two women were going to bed, Ursel' heard the unaccustomed sound of a man's step in the entry that separated the but and ben. Some one was whistling, too, softly, "Sir Patrick Speas," "T' Norroway, t' Norroway, across the saut sea faem," the girl recognized the tune. Alick Burke must be the lodger who lived in the other "end," spoken vaguely of as "away," but what business was it of his whether she was Scotch or no?

Christmas evening brought the lad again.

"Ye shuld be at chaipel," Peggie said, with a glance at the clock, trying to speak severely, and ending with a smile and a pat on the shoulder as he bent to greet her, laying his fresh face against her own.

"Ye'll be thinkin' I missed my Mass next!" he laughed back, "an' Vespers was at three!"

"Weel, ye brocht me a bonnie fluir, ony way," Peggie said, softening, clapping the vigorous young hand she had taken between her own. "Ye stal'd it, I'm thinkin' this time!"

"Na, na," the lad said, with a roguish glance at Ursel', who was standing in shadow between the meal-ark and the fire, raising his voice for the old woman to hear, "Na, na, I beggit it for my sweetheart!"

"A bonnie like sweetheart," the old woman said, laughing, and pushing him away.

"I was thinkin' that mebbe I'd be gettin' my tea," he said, presently, when Ursel' had put the kettle on and was lifting down cups and saucers from the shelf.

Ursel', with her hand on a third cup, looked round at Peggie.

"Ye mebbe dinna gie folk tea in Norroway," he said, demurely.

And while the girl reddened, Peggie answered, with decision, "Aye, Alick mun ha'e his cup."

Ursel' never forgot that tea. Peggie smiling on her favourite, Alick's praise of everything, the thick white scones, the marmalade, the cold haggis stuffed with currants and raisins in honour of New Year tide ("Ursel' had pit on the clock an oor or twa," Mrs. Bell had said that morning, tasting it critically, and giving an approving nod), the tea black from long "masking," and crown of the feast, the little jug of cream.

"They were gran' cooks in Norroway, he saw that," Alick said, shyly. It was the beginning of a new life to the girl.

By-and-bye Saturday brought the lad regularly home, his work lay nearer the town, he explained, he didna like to miss his Sunday Mass.

Bright and clever, Alick Burke might be too fond o' hearin' his ain voice, as the neighbours said, but his talk never wearied Ursel'. Accustomed to the sullen radicalism of a Scotch village as she had heard it discussed by her father's fire-side, the bright socialism of the town lad took away her breath. He brought his newspaper across and read to her, raising his voice in mischief now and then that Peggie might hear, and Peggie heard him as she did no one else, and smiled even when she shook her head. By-and-bye he brought his books. Carlyle, who was not a success, Browning criticized with, "I dinna think he kens what he'd be at himsel'," from Ursel'—a criticism that delighted the lad, who joyfully threw the book aside, confessing it had been lent him and that he only read it to please a friend. Of simpler poetry the girl never tired.

Alick "cud sing wi' a throstle" (blackbird), as Mrs. Bell said, and Peggie would lean forward in her arm-chair, forgetting her work, arching her hand behind her ear to catch a note, while, his head well back, balancing himself on his chair, he sang to the girl.

Ballad on ballad, song on song, he knew by heart, and had wedded many and always happily, to old world airs, picked up, one or two of them, from Peggie herself.

Ursel' had her favourites, noticed and remembered "Anne Bothwell's Lament," "Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie bride," "Fair Helen o' Kirkconnell," "Bonnie Lady Ann," "the Lowlands o' Halland ha'e twined my luvie an' me," "Mak' mane, my ain Nithsdale, the leaf's i' the fa'." The big tears rolled down her cheeks as she rocked herself backwards and forwards in unison with the air. "We greet t' either tunes, when we're aulder," as Mrs. Bell said, with a pitying sign. "Ye wudna ken the lass!" she and her mother agreed. The colour took a trick of going and coming in the colourless cheek, the pale hair seemed to have caught a golden glow.

"Yer a sang yersel'," the lad whispered, one night. The first breath of love!

The girl meant no ill. When Bill Turner left his wife, had not all the folk said that Mary must take patience and in seven years she could take a man again.

One Sunday morning when Peggie and Alick were at Mass

she turned up the little Bible she had bought and read, "And Jacob loved Rachel and said, I will serve thee seven years for Rachel thy younger daughter. And Jacob served seven years, and they seemed unto him a few days for the love he had to her." Her face flushed, aye, Alick would wait. "When he spiered her she wud tell him a'."

Winter ran into spring, St. Joseph had long had his new coat, many-hued enough to have belonged to Ursel's friend, brown and blue and green and red, gold rimmed, put on with careful hand. A scrap of red paper arched behind to Peggie's huge delight. Ursel' too had done her part at the lad's instigations, though with a sinking heart. "St. Joseph was ne'er ahint (never behind) in a gude turn," he assured her, mischievously, while he admired her handiwork, a little cloth for the bracket worked at odd times.

Father Clenachan alone looked gravely at the intimacy between the pair. Mrs. Bell was somewhat of Tennyson's opinion that "as the husband is, the wife is." Ursel' would come round, though it cannot be said she had followed in the steps of Mr. Bell!

Good Catholic as Peggie was, she only thought of the happiness of her favourite.

On Friday Alick came home early. He was going to take a whole holiday next day. The gardener at the grand house he had worked at the year before had given him an order to see the house and grounds before the family came down, it admitted two, would Ursel' come? He 'knew the gardener's wife, the housekeeper had promised them some tea. They would be home early. Marget Bell would see t' Peggie. He brought out a little parcel from his pocket, a scarf for her neck, a pair of brown silk gloves.

Mrs. Bell came to inspect her before she started next day, bringing too her contributions to her toilet in the shape of a pebble brooch. "Ye ken the bird by its feathers, as they say," she said, looking with a shade of dissatisfaction at the girl's black Cobourg dress and hat to match, "there's nae mistakin' you for a douce (quiet) lass, Ursel'!"

"She'll do fine," Alick said, proudly.

"She's gotten a brown gown," Leezie, who had come to have her peep too, whispered.

Ursel' gave a little shiver, she wanted nothing to remind her of McKean to-day.

A bit of bread and cheese, and a corkie or two for their dinner slung on a basket on Alick's arm, and the pair were off. An hour by train, a mile or two on foot to the trellis-covered South Lodge, a stroll half-way up the broad, lime-bordered avenue, then a short cut across the park.

The big beeches and elms and oaks were bare, though away on the hill-side opposite the birches were showing a hazy mist of green. Flashes of daffodils lighted up the deeper glades. The gold of the winter aconite gleamed here and there—a belated snowdrop straggled in the shade. Crocuses, purple and yellow, bordered every path. A frisky rabbit scuttled across the way. An early squirrel sought some remembered store. Blackbirds and robins sang.

The blackbird is a pawksie loon,
An' kens the gate o' luvie ;
Fu' weel the sleekit mavis kens
The melting lilt mun muve.

The lad joined in, gay as they. The gardener, gracious, met them at the gate. First the houses with their odorous scent and strange blooms. Then the forcing-frames where pots of lily-of-the-valley, tulips, and hyacinths were bursting in readiness for the family's Easter coming home. The walk round the garden centred with quaint sun-dial, the violet-beds already sweet under my lady's drawing-room. The garden might be barren yet, but to these two it was Paradise!

Next the house, where Alick slipped off his shoes and Ursel' held her breath. She should see their place in Devonshire, the grave English housekeeper said, she thought little of Scotch places herself, but she let them linger at their pleasure and did not hurry them on. She smiled condescendingly when Alick led the girl to the picture that in his fancy she resembled. "It was the hair perhaps," she said, in her mighty way.

Then came the tea in her own room, where china and silver were so grand, Ursel' was afraid to eat. Then the good-bye warmed by huge packets of biscuits and sugared cake, to "amuse themselves with upon the road." Ursel's eyes brightened, thinking of Peggie and the twins.

Then the walk home, across the park again, but to another gate. They walked slowly, hand in hand at last.

"Ye'll ha'e me, Ursel'?" bending till cheek touched cheek.

A frank timid "Aye."

A long, happy silence, then hopes and plans, then Ursel's faint remonstrating, "Ye mauna be in a hurry, ye ken."

"Oh, I'll gie ye sax weeks or a month mebbe," laughing down at the shy, pink face.

Ursel' shook her head, "It wudna weary ye to bide seeven year?" a little anxiously.

"Seeven year!" the lad laughed this time in his light-heartedness aloud.

"It wudna be lang," clinging to his sleeve.

"Tell us a' about it," the lad said, kindly, seeing she was somehow, in earnest, giving her a little pat.

"It wudna be lang," she repeated, looking up with grave, grey eyes.

Why didn't Alick speak? as the tale went on he had slowly released her from his grasp, and dropped the hand he had been holding so tightly in his own.

"Yer' no vext?"

No answer came, and Ursel', looking up through her tears, shrank when she saw the white set face.

"I ha'e vext ye?"

"Vexit me!" there was a pause. "Ursel', div ye no' see yer McKean's *wife*!"

"Na, na," Ursel' cried, frantically, "Na, na, I's no his wife. I's never gang near him, an'," pleadingly, "seeven years no' sae lang."

The lad groaned. "Ursel'," he said at last, putting the hands that clung to his arm away, "whae'er telet ye that story telet a lee."

Reviews.

I.—CARMINA MARIANA.¹

(FIRST NOTICE.)

MR. ORBY SHIPLEY'S *Anthology of our Lady* appears most suitably at the beginning of the month of May. With the persevering diligence of love he has collected together all the poems of moderate length and shorter pieces written by English poets in honour of our Lady that were within his reach. To these he has added translations, ancient and modern, from Syriac, Greek, Latin, as well as from modern languages, to say nothing of a large number of quotations and extracts from plays, ballads, and poems too long to give in full, and of epigrams, fragments, dedications, and other minor pieces of interest. He has wisely omitted from his volume popular hymns such as are found in ordinary hymn-books. We see he has not confined himself to Catholic poetry, though of course by far the greater part of the volume is from the pens of Catholics. It would have been a great mistake to omit some of the beautiful translations and original poems by Byron, Coleridge, Longfellow, Mrs. Browning, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and other non-Catholic writers. If they tuned their harps to sing a strain that was not theirs, we may nevertheless admire their genius and rejoice in their tribute to her whom they at least honoured as the Mother of Jesus and the most perfect of womankind. We cannot expect in them that fragrance that springs from Catholic devotion, or that tender love that inspires the strains of those who rejoice to call themselves the clients of our Lady, and who give her of their best in the loyal fervour of their Catholic hearts.

What strikes us as we look through this volume is the wonderful variety of its contents, and the indefatigable energy which has been employed in bringing them together. We

¹ *Carmina Mariana*. An English Anthology in verse in honour of or in relation to the Blessed Virgin Mary. Collected by Orby Shipley, M.A.

believe that Mr. Orby Shipley has been engaged for years in making the collection, and there is indeed in it work sufficient to occupy many a laborious year. He seems to have exercised great judgment and discretion in his selection of pieces. We cannot attempt in our present number any detailed criticism, as the volume has reached us only at the last moment. We must leave for our June number the welcome task of an appreciation of the work, and of giving one or two illustrative quotations. We will only add here that the thick handsome volume is beautifully printed, and, as far as we have seen, most carefully and accurately revised. We wish it God-speed, and that it may bring fresh honour to our Lady all over the English-speaking world until the end of time.

2.—SATURDAY DEDICATED TO MARY.¹

This is a very welcome and valuable addition to our still slender stock of English books upon our Lady, and its appearance now is opportune, for although it is not professedly a book for the Month of Mary, it is as well suited for use during her month, as on the Saturdays throughout the year.

The work consists of fifty-two considerations, which can of course be used as meditations, upon the privileges and prerogatives of Mary, upon her virtues, and upon the benefits to be derived from recourse to her goodness, so that nothing may be wanting to stimulate the soul to true devotion to Mary in its three essential elements of esteem, imitation, and invocation. Without pretending to novelty or exhaustiveness of treatment, the author passes in review, after an orderly and logical method, the principal motives of such devotion, and teaches us what to admire, what to copy, what to pray for.

Each consideration is divided into three parts or points, arranged with perfect lucidity and naturalness, and conveying an impression of completeness without excessive minuteness of detail. The division is always so distinct as at once to avoid all overlapping or confusion of ideas, and yet to present the various portions of the subject in unbroken co-ordination. And lastly, it is clear from the way in which the division lends itself

¹ *Saturday dedicated to Mary.* From the Italian of Father Cabrini, S.J. With Preface and Introduction by Father Clarke, S.J. London: Burns and Oates, 1893. (Quarterly Series.)

to oratorical treatment that the writer is a master of the art of rhetoric, so familiar with its principles as to apply them without any appearance of artifice. For this reason we can recommend the book to preachers, who in each consideration will find matter enough for a discourse arranged with exquisite taste, and so pregnant and suggestive as to render the necessary expansion easy.

The author is a sound theologian and a man of practical sense, whose one wish is to make himself intelligible even to the unlearned. Having an intense love of our Lady and a pure desire to bring others to the same glowing fervour of devotion to her, there is in his writing no trace of fancifulness, or straining after effect, or indulgence in exaggeration. Sobriety of judgment united with warmth of heart, erudition which is ample yet wholly unobtrusive, and fervour without the gush of sentimentality, are the characteristics which strike us in this book and leads us to recommend it most heartily to all our readers, clerical and lay.

3.—THE HOLY SEE.¹

We welcome with pleasure two new expressions of the unwearied protest of Christendom against the wrong done to her Chief. They do not, indeed, tell us much that is new, but they tell us what is old strongly and well, on the principle, as Canon Maglione puts it, "of stating and reasserting the truth as often as error is spread and repeated."

Father Ming addresses his forcible pamphlet to the people of America, whose "strongly developed sense of justice" is a recognized characteristic. He shows forth the "enormous wrong" perpetrated by the Italian Government from the "standpoint of justice," dealing briefly and clearly with the Historical Rights of the Holy See and the Story of the Occupation. He devotes his longest chapter to the Teaching of the Church concerning the Temporal Power of the Pope. On this subject his views are of no hesitating or uncertain kind. He says: "The necessity, therefore, of the temporal Sovereignty of the Holy See is no more an open question; it has been decided by the highest tribunal on earth and must be regarded

¹ *The Holy See.* By the Rev. John Ming, S.J. Pustet.

The Vatican and the Kingdom of Italy. By the Very Rev. L. Maglione.
Printed by *The Manchester Guardian*.

as a certain and infallible truth." To this conclusion the author is driven by the authoritative statements of both Pius IX. and Leo XIII., and by the solemn acception and profession of them by the Episcopacy and Catholic world. A writer who advanced this thesis in the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach* of 1889, foreseeing that to some of his readers it might appear, at first sight, novel and startling, supported it by an argument which Father Ming renders into English. In the course, however, of the argument the original statement is limited and not a little qualified. The necessity is not an *absolute*, but only a *relative* one, so that in the *present* order of human society, for the full and *altogether unimpeded* freedom in the discharge of the Primatial duties, such a necessity exists. Would it not, perhaps, have been better to have avoided the bold and less accurate expression of this truth at the outset, but rather led the reader gradually to admit it, as it must needs be admitted, in its more guarded form? The argument itself is thus given: "The supreme spiritual power of the Sovereign Pontiff is by its very nature, and therefore by Divine right, endowed with perfect freedom. But this freedom is as to its enjoyment necessarily dependent on certain conditions agreeing with the respective state of human society. To define these without any error lies within the province of the teaching authority of the Church." Another remarkable chapter in Father Ming's work speaks of the wholly irreconcilable nature of the rupture between the Church and the Italian Government. Irreconcilable, because of the evil dispositions of the men in whose hands all along has been vested the leadership of Italy.

Canon Maglione's pamphlet is for the most part the republication of his side of an able controversy carried on in the *Manchester Guardian* with the Italian Consul of that city and others. He, like Father Ming, treats of the Historical Aspects of the Question, and most thoroughly and interestingly exposes the so-called plebiscite. Not the least interesting chapter is that which defends Dante's view of the Temporal Power of the Popes; it is an admirable answer to an argument drawn from lines taken from the *Inferno*. To the Church, of course, it matters not in the slightest what Dante did or did not think of Papal power, but we feel glad to see his memory vindicated from the stain of being an altogether faithless child of the Church like to the Sardinian brigands of our day.

4.—THE GOSPEL OF ST. MATTHEW.¹

Father Knabenbauer's Commentary on St. Matthew was announced briefly in our last issue. In fulfilment of the promise then made we now propose to do justice to its merits by a notice of greater length. The writer's method is by this time familiar. He is anxious to make it known how much has been done for the interpretation of Holy Scripture by the classical Catholic commentators, Fathers and others, of former days; and how much of this ancient exegesis still holds its ground. Father Knabenbauer's sifting of possible interpretations of each verse is always very thorough, and the verdict at which he arrives seldom fails to enlist our assent. And yet at each point of the discussion, as well as in the final verdict, it is seldom that he is not able to express his meaning in the words of some Father or previous Catholic commentator of repute.

The Gospel of St. Matthew was written by the Evangelist for the use of his fellow-countrymen. Some have speculated whether he had in view the conversion of those still remaining in their Judaism, or the confirmation in their new faith of those who had passed over to the Christian Church. But, as Father Knabenbauer justly observes, there seems no necessity to draw the distinction. The same difficulties and the same needs would present themselves to Jews and Jewish Christians, although there might be a difference in the readiness to heed the explanation given. The great need for persons of Jewish birth was to have a forcible presentation of the evidence that in our Lord were fulfilled all the characteristics of the Messias as they had been handed down in the genuine prophetic picture of the Old Law; the great difficulty for the same class was to understand how one who was the true Messias, could fail to receive the allegiance of the greater part of the race, even of its foremost representatives. These are the objects St. Matthew has in view throughout, and under Father Knabenbauer's guidance, one is able to see how the conditions and tone of Jewish thought exercise a pervading influence over the selection and arrangement of facts, and the cast of the language.

In particular, when we regard the Gospel from the point of view of this its true purpose, we are struck by the fulfilments of prophecy which the Evangelist is constantly discovering

¹ *Cursus Scripture Sacre.* Commentarius in Evangelium secundum Matthæum. Auctore Josepho Knabenbauer, S.J. Duo Tomi. Paris: Lethielleux, 1893.

and reminding us of. Many, in fact, most, of those are very perplexing to a modern reader, who compares the passages cited in their Old Testament context with the use made of them by St. Matthew. Illustrations of what we mean are found in the citation of Jerem. xxxi. 15, over the Massacre of the Innocents; of Osee xi. 1, over the sojourn of the Holy Family in Egypt; of Isaías ix. 12, over the selection of Galilee for the scene of our Lord's first announcements of the Gospel; of Psalm lxxvii. 2, over the adoption of the parabolic mode of teaching. We look at the passages cited, and find them to have reference to events of the writer's own age and circumstances; and to show no traces of an intention to predict; and then we are prone to ask, "Was the Evangelist so ignorant of the inspired volumes of which his race had been appointed the sacred guardians, or are we to say that, in common with his fellow-countrymen, he had a very bizarre and unnatural conception of the nature of an argument?" That neither of these alternatives is possible of acceptance should be clear on reflection, and Father Knabenbauer does not hesitate to find the true principles of interpretation in the typical relation of the Older to the Newer Dispensation. To this key, and to this alone, the language of St. Matthew unlocks the treasures of its meaning without any sort of violence. Of course this method of interpretation is most offensive to many in our days. But we agree with Father Knabenbauer, that it is impossible to resist the conclusion that St. Matthew followed it, and impossible to resist the further conclusion that, if St. Matthew held it, his race must have held it in our Lord's time, and that our Lord Himself sanctioned it.

Occasionally Father Knabenbauer indulges in long and able discussions: as on the Petrine text (xvi. 16) on the force of the Words of Institution of the Blessed Sacrament (xxvi. 26), and on the true day of our Lord's Death (xxvi. 17). Were not the Latin language likely to be an impediment, we could recommend the first two of these discussions to our non-Catholic friends, and suggest to them that they should compare together Father Knabenbauer's mode of eliciting the meaning out of these passages, and that of Protestant commentators like Mansel (in the *Speaker's Commentary*), or Meyer. We mention these two writers, because they combine with our present author in rejecting the ordinary Protestant evasions and recognizing that Peter himself is the rock, and that the gift to him is of a primacy

over the Church. They endeavour, however, to part off from the Catholic interpretation and avoid what they call "the Roman inferences" by denying that the text asserts anything of St. Peter's successors. On this point we would specially recommend Father Knabenbauer's masterly exegesis. Similarly in dealing with the words of institution he makes it quite clear that they involve not the Real Presence only but Transubstantiation. In his dissertation on the true day of the Passion, we find ourselves a little in conflict with Father Knabenbauer. It is well known how the Synoptic Gospels seem to place the day of the Passion on the very day when the Jews kept their Pasch, whereas the Fourth Gospel seems to place the Passion on the day preceding the Jewish Pasch. That there is no real conflict can be satisfactorily proved. But how explain the apparent conflict? THE MONTH argued some while back that the true day was that preceding the Jewish Pasch. Father Knabenbauer's view is that the Pasch of the Jews should have been simultaneous with that of our Lord, but that the Jewish rulers being anxious to do away with our Lord before eating it, arbitrarily postponed their own feast in violation of the Law. This has been doubtless said also by Eusebius and St. Chrysostom, but it is not very easy to understand how those rigid adherents of the letter could have taken such a step, or how if it were taken, it could have been passed over without comment by the Evangelist. The truth is, that in a perplexing point like this, it is much easier to pull down than to construct.

It is impossible, however, to do justice to a work like that before us by cursory references to one or two of the points handled. The commentary needs to be read and digested, and those who will bestow on it this labour will not find their time misspent. It is very important nowadays that Catholics, especially priests, should be well acquainted with the true meaning of the Gospels, and now that a work like Father Knabenbauer's is in their hands, there is no excuse either for neglecting the duty, or for having recourse to Protestant commentaries on the plea that they alone are up to the day.

5—ROSMINI.¹

Here in England, where we are more familiar with the good work done in our Lord's vineyard by the Fathers of Charity than with the evil effects of the philosophical or theological errors of their founder—pious and loyal son of the Church though he was—we can scarcely feel the need, or accurately estimate the utility, of the series of works which have appeared in Italy against the Rosminian philosophy since the decree *Post Obitum* of 1887. In that decree, as is well known, forty propositions selected from Rosmini's works were condemned by the Congregation of the Inquisition. After the admirable and edifying manner in which the Rosminian Fathers and their Superiors submitted to the decision, it would at first sight seem to us here in England that the labour of Catholic philosophers and theologians would be more usefully employed in opposing the infidelity of the day than in exposing the errors of a Catholic writer which had been already laid sufficiently bare by an authoritative decree of the Church. It appears, however, that in Italy the Rosminian philosophy had taken such deep root, that even after the decree of 1887 and the letter of the Pope strengthening that decree, and in spite of the earnest efforts of the Father General of the Congregation of Charity in 1890 to secure universal obedience to the decree, disciples of the Rosminian Philosophy are still numerous in Italy. Many of these still publicly defend the condemned propositions, and not unfrequently in a style which indicates little respect for ecclesiastical authority. It is needless to say that these are not members of the Congregation of Charity, whose loyal and unqualified submission to the decree afforded such an edifying spectacle. Those only who are aware of the force of deep-seated philosophical convictions, and who know the attachment and esteem which the children of a religious family have for every utterance of their founder, can adequately appreciate the heroic self-sacrifice involved in such a renunciation. It is in order to counteract the evil influence of the action of the adherents of the Rosminian teaching, who after the solemn condemnation of the erroneous doctrines, still advocate these errors, that the numerous monographs against

¹ *Rosminiarum Propositionum quas S. R. U. Inquisitio, approbante S. P. Leone XIII. reprobavit, proscripsit, damnavit, trutina Theologica.* Romæ, 1892.

the censured philosophy still continue to issue from the Italian Catholic press.

As a careful examination of the condemned propositions, the present volume seems to us to be the best which has as yet appeared. The book consists of a Preface explaining the precise theological significance of the official condemnation, eleven sections discussing in detail the forty condemned propositions, and an Appendix containing the decree of 1887, the letter of His Holiness on the subject in 1889, the declaration of the Father General of the Congregation of Charity in 1890, and some other documents of an earlier date. The detailed examination of the condemned propositions will be of the greatest advantage to the student of philosophy and theology, by enabling him to attain a tolerably accurate understanding of the sense of the condemned opinions, and of the true teaching of the Church on these points, in so far as it may be gathered from authoritative definitions or the consensus of approved theologians.

The propositions were condemned "in the sense of the author;" not of course in the subjective or personal sense in which Rosmini may have understood them, but in that objective meaning which they bear in their context throughout his philosophical and theological system. As Rosmini's language and terminology often differs widely from that of the school-men, it is not by any means easy to get a clear comprehension of the significance of these propositions without a general study of his works; which, however, of course, after the publication of the decree, cannot be commended to the ordinary Catholic student. The present volume is accordingly a most useful addition to the literature of the subject, and we can therefore heartily commend it to both students and professors of philosophy.

6.—ARABIC GRAMMAR.¹

The first volume of this great Arabic Grammar by the Jesuit missionaries at Beyrouth (Beyrouth, 1891, 588 pp. gr. 8°.) was noticed in THE MONTH last year. The second volume, which completes the work, has just been published. There

¹ *Grammaire Arabe*. Composée d'après les sources primitives par le P. Donat Vernier, S.J. Beyrouth: Imprimerie Catholique, 1892, tome second, 660 pages, gr. 8°.

are many smaller works on Arabic Grammar at hand which chiefly serve practical purposes as an introduction to the study of it, or which are restricted to the modern conversational and literary language. But of scientific treatises on Arabic Grammar there are few which can be considered as standard works. Amongst them has stood out nearly for a whole century the excellent *Grammaire Arabe* by Silv. de Sacy, Paris, 1810, and its second edition, on which a great number of smaller Arabic Grammars are based. It has been completed and corrected in details by H. L. Fleischer in his numerous contributions to scientific journals, but has not been surpassed as a whole. In the German Universities generally the Grammar of Professor Caspari, who died last year at Christiania and who was a pupil of Professor Fleischer at Leipsig, is in common use for the students of the Semitic languages. It has already reached a sixth edition, prepared by the late Professor Aug. Müller, in Königsberg. In England, the late Professor William Wright, of Cambridge, has adapted Caspari's Grammar to English students. His additions have made it a standard work, and it is now generally used at Universities for lectures on Arabic Grammar. All these works are based on de Sacy's Grammar, and for a long time the want has been felt of a reprint of it, with the additions and corrections made necessary by recent scientific researches on Arabic philology and literature in Europe.

The study of Arabic philology has made great progress, it is no longer a small branch aiding Biblical studies, as of old, but it is the scientific introduction to a great and vast literature and civilization which extends over a great part of Asia, Africa, and Europe, and extends over more than twelve centuries. Wherever Mohammedanism has been spread, Arabic words and thoughts have come in with the Koran, and application to all religious life and customs and social conditions. As in Europe the Roman and Greek civilization is still continued and traced in all our classical studies, so Arabic is in the Mohammedan world the vehicle of all sciences and literature. But as the Semitic languages are more closely connected together than the Romance or Teutonic languages, the Arabic brings us in close contact with the ancient civilizations of the Aramæans, Syrians, and even the ancient Babylonians.

These are some reasons why scholars feel much attracted to this study. Wherever in a nation a high degree of civiliza-

tion and an extensive literature has been developed, the scientific study of the language is found not to have been neglected; so we find in Greek the Alexandrian grammarians, in India the admirable Sanscrit grammar of Panini, which gave the start to the modern philology, attained a high degree of perfection in grammatical research. So, too, the comparative study of languages in our time, and in all modern literatures throughout Europe the study of the national language is much cultivated. In the same way the Arabs, after the Mohammedan Conquest, developed their grammatical studies in the high schools of Kûfa, Bassrah, Bagdad, &c. It is these Arabic grammarians that Father Donat Vernier follows in the rules and the examples in his large grammar.

The present work is not intended for beginners, but for scholars, who wish to find the explanation of difficult words, grammatical forms and intricate constructions in the classical writers, which are generally treated in the native commentaries on poetical works. Nevertheless Father Vernier has tried to combine as far as possible practical rules with the subtleties of the Arabic grammarians, and has succeeded in producing an excellent standard work which will replace at least, if not surpass, the grammar of de Sacy. In the first volume he gives the alphabet, the article, declensions of the nouns and conjugations of the verbs as an introduction, then he treats the grammatical rules in detail, following closely the celebrated grammarian Sibawaihi, and giving numerous examples on all the rules. The chapter on the particles (adverbs, conjunctions, prepositions, interjections from p. 393 to p. 560) is extremely full and contains many interesting rules and examples, which are not to be found in any other smaller grammar.

The second volume treats entirely of the intricacies of Arabic syntax in its thirty-eight chapters. It would be too long to follow in particular the treatment of these many and complicated rules, which are necessary for the right understanding of an Arabic poet, or any classical writer. We may however remark that all the rules of Sibawaihi and other grammarians are developed and illustrated with numerous examples, in a form which is suited to European readers. Two full Indices, a detailed alphabetical Index in French of the contents, and an Index of the Arabic words and technical expressions, make it easy to refer to any rule which might be required for the elucidation of a difficult passage in an author. As an appendix

is added a full treatise on Arabic prosody and metres from p. 511 to p. 595, which will enable the student to appreciate the difficulties of poetry, and help him to find the solution of the difficulties which beset a student in reading Arabic poetry.

It may be said, that the work as a grammar is too lengthy, and certainly for a beginner it would be bewildering and perplexing, but as it is intended as a book of reference, the scholar will consult its pages with great profit. He will almost everywhere find something new and interesting, which will throw a fresh light on difficult passages. It will, no doubt, for a long time remain a standard work for European scholars, and it certainly does a great credit to the learning of the author, who has been assisted by native Arabic scholars in his work. No one can read it without acknowledging that the Catholic missionaries in the East are able to produce works which will advance the scientific labours of European scholars.

7.—A CATHOLIC DICTIONARY.¹

The Catholic Dictionary reappears in a new edition, which we learn, not from the title-page but from a circular issued by the publishers, is the fourth. This edition is revised and enlarged. The enlargement makes itself manifest by the fact that the work has now 961 pages, while the original edition had 893, yet by the help of better paper, the new volume is not so thick as the old. The whole has been revised by the Rev. T. B. Scannell, B.D., and the American editor, the Rev. T. F. Galwey, and the Rev. Joseph Wilhelm, D.D., have also contributed articles. There is, however, no means, except a comparison which would be very laborious, of ascertaining which those articles are that now appear for the first time. Still more difficult it would be to ascertain what changes have been made in this revision. One thing, we notice with regret, remains unaltered, and that is the prominence given in the article respecting the Scapular to the views of the Gallican Launoy, on which we animadverted at some length a few years ago.

We suppose that it is due to the length of time necessary

¹ *A Catholic Dictionary*, containing some account of the Doctrine, Discipline, Rites, Ceremonies, Councils, and Religious Orders of the Catholic Church. By William E. Addis and Thomas Arnold. New edition, revised and enlarged with the assistance of the Rev. T. B. Scannell, B.D. London: Kegan Paul, 1893.

to pass a work of such bulk through the press, that we find at p. 131 the statement that "there are two English Cardinals at the present time—Henry Edward Manning, Archbishop of Westminster, and Edward Howard." In this same article a reference should have been given to the article on the title "Eminence."

It is not an easy thing to acquire such knowledge of a book of this description as to justify a criticism on it as a whole. We have, however, consulted article after article, and, speaking broadly, with constant satisfaction and pleasure. Such controversial subjects as the conduct of Pope Honorius and again of Pope Liberius, the case of Galileo, Gallicanism, Jansenism, are written with great ability and are very interesting and instructive. The articles on Catholic doctrines are very good, and they are wisely written for the information of Protestants, into whose hands we may hope they freely pass.

A few minor criticisms have occurred to us as we have consulted these pages. It seems to us strange that in the article on "Censure," no word should appear respecting the Bull of Pope Pius IX. *Apostolicæ Sedis*, which codified the whole Church law on censures. The Bull is referred to in the article on "Excommunication," though not very accurately, and the same article gives, as though still in force, the ancient distinction between major and minor excommunication. The latter was abolished by Pope Pius IX.

It is not only said that "Bishop Suffragan" is the name of a Bishop in an ecclesiastical province, but also "of a titular Bishop who exercises pontifical functions for the ordinary Bishop whom he has been invited to assist." We doubt whether this is a Catholic use of the term. As Pope Leo XIII. has abolished the title *in partibus infidelium*, and substituted that of "titular Bishop," we should have preferred to have found the article on this subject given under the latter heading.

Under the name "Eudists," an account is given us of their founder M. Eudes, now Venerable; but we see no mention there of the widespread Congregation of the Nuns of the Good Shepherd, who look to him as their founder.

Some mention might have been made of St. Thomas of Canterbury in the article on the feast of the Blessed Trinity. He was consecrated in the Trinity Chapel of his Cathedral on the octave day of Pentecost, and ordered the day to be kept henceforward as a feast in honour of that mystery.

We will make no more comments, but we will conclude with

an extract. It is an addition made to the article which was formerly headed "English Catholics," but now bears the title "English Church." Such words will usefully be placed in Anglican hands.

Enough has been said in this article to show how baseless are the claims of the Protestant Church of England to be identical with the Church in England before the Reformation. A body without any teaching, authority, or unity of belief or worship, cannot rightly be called a Church at all. Low Church, Broad Church, and High Church must first settle which of them is *the* Church, before they can set up the continuity theory. No doubt there is some external likeness between Ritualism and mediæval Catholicism. But the great principle of authority is wanting to the Ritualist. It is the chaotic state of Anglicanism which proves most convincingly that it cannot be the same as the old Church. In truth we need no subtle arguments or learned researches to make good our claim. It speaks little for the logical power of Englishmen, that they applaud the anti-Italian, anti-Papal utterances of the Archbishop of Canterbury, whose see was founded by the Italian monk Augustine, at the bidding of the Roman Pope Gregory.

8.—HARRY DEE.¹

Father Finn, S.J., as every reader of *Percy Wynn* and *Tom Playfair* is aware, understands school-boys and school-life remarkably well. He can depict the joys and sorrows, the trials and temptations, the triumphs and defeats in the class-room or playground encountered by the students at St. Maure's College, with such accuracy and skill, as to interest not only the school-boy himself, but those whose school-days already belong to the memories of the past. But he is not equally successful when he introduces the sensational element into his tales, as he does, to our regret, in the volume before us. The tragic and painful scenes at the beginning and close of the narrative, the startling and ghastly adventures met with by the hero, which are worthy of a "penny dreadful," seem foreign to the character of the book, and out of harmony with what we are accustomed to find in the pages of Father Finn's instructive and amusing tales. The mystery of a brutal murder, the perpetrator of which is undiscovered, runs through the whole; the unravelling of the mystery being left by the administrators of public justice—who

¹ *Harry Dee, or Making it Out.* By F. J. Finn, S.J. New York, &c.: Benziger Brothers, 1893.

show a strange apathy with regard to the crime—to Harry Dee, a nervous, sensitive boy, given to somnambulism. At the age of eleven, during one of his nightly wanderings, he is supposed to have stabbed to the heart the uncle who had just made a will constituting him heir to a large property. The impression made upon him by a favourite nurse, who had filled him with horror and indignation the evening before by confiding to him the tale of her wrongs against his uncle, appears to have caused the child to commit the act in a state of unconsciousness; but the simultaneous disappearance of the woman leads the suspicion to be attached to her. The house where the crime was committed is abandoned as being haunted. Three years later we are invited to accompany Harry Dee to a pleasanter scene, the familiar precincts of the College where we find our old acquaintances, Percy Wynn, Harry Quip, Tom Playfair, and a number of other merry, bright lads. Our former friends are no longer the simple little fellows whom we first learnt to know, and it is with less childish adventures, more scientific games, scholarship of a more advanced description, that the author now deals. It must be owned that we miss from these pages the delightful simplicity, the skilful combination of humour and pathos, the charming *naïveté* that marked the history of Percy's first introduction to the school life which was to change the delicate, girlish child into a brave and resolute boy, without rendering him less engaging, less gentle, pious, and affectionate. Harry Dee is a boy of a different stamp; imagnate, nervous, and timid, as we may well believe after reading the recital of his early experiences. He tells the tale to one of his schoolfellows, a sturdy, matter-of-fact, courageous fellow, who tries to argue and laugh him out of his fears, and with whom he is allowed—on the principle, we suppose, of *similia similibus curantur*, to pass a night in the lonesome haunted house where the tragedy was enacted. There he fancies his uncle appears to him and bids him take measures to avenge the cold-blooded murder of which he was the victim. One would have thought this the last means to be chosen to cure the boy of his nightly terrors; it appears however to have the effect of strengthening his nerves. We gladly turn from episodes such as this to life at St. Maure's, where our hero distinguishes himself in his studies, is a favourite with the masters, and makes firm friends of the best boys in the College. We need not say that the same generous motives, high principles and conscientious adherence to duty, are incul-

cated in this as much as in Father Finn's former works ; the importance of keeping one's word is made even more prominent. "Show boys," he says, "that you take their word as something serious and sacred, and you can count on them infallibly."

Whilst on his way to the river, on his first half-holiday, Harry Dee learns that the boys have formed the pious habit of reciting the Litany of the Blessed Virgin whenever they go out swimming, to prevent accidents. He tells us

The spirit of true Catholic faith and devotion was alive in the College. It was a little world in itself, but a Catholic world. Prayer and piety lent a radiance to the atmosphere of play and study. At noon-tide I had been not a little astonished when, at the sound of the bell, the scene of bustling life and play in the yard was changed into a *tableau*. The batsman dropped his bat, the pitcher his ball, the game of tag came to a sudden pause, and the small boy's shout of triumph to a premature end ; every head was bared, and each boy, when the Angelus had fallen on his ears, stood stock-still while reciting the Angelical Salutation. Presently the charm was snapt, and all the pent-up stream of play dashed downward in a cataract. The gay, innocent life went on all the more merrily for that sweet interruption.

The same spirit showed itself in the recital of the Litanies. All joined in with a will, and thus in prayer we came within sight of the river. (p. 51.)

Before the concluding page is reached, and the reader takes leave of the young fellows who are separating to follow their different paths in life, the mystery of Tower Hill Mansion is solved, and the shadow that it had cast for so many years on Harry Dee's happiness is lifted for ever.

9.—*RAOUL DE BÉRIGNAN*.¹

The cruel fate that befell the French nobles at the calamitous period of the Revolution, has furnished matter for many a tale, and we are perhaps a little weary of descriptions of the horrors perpetrated in Paris and elsewhere by the savage mob and its fanatical leaders. The varied adventures, the fortunes and misfortunes of the *émigrés*, many of whom sought a refuge on our own shores, are also a fruitful theme for the writer of stories, and one which seldom fails to interest the reader, especially when it is presented in so simple and pleasing a form as that of

¹ *Raoul de Bérignan*. By Mrs. Corballis. London : Burns and Oates, Limited.

the narrative before us. The author does not require us to linger long among scenes of terror, in the crowded prison, or in presence of the blood-stained guillotine. We are invited to follow the fortunes of a boy of twelve, the younger son of the Marquis de Bérignan, who at the time when the story opens, was living with his father and brother in a fine old castle situated at Sologne, his mother being dead, and his sister married. One day a band of revolutionary ruffians surrounded the castle, arrested the Marquis and his eldest son and carried them off to Paris, where they were shortly after put to death. At the time of their seizure, Raoul, the hero of the tale, was at the house of his foster-mother, Babette, the wife of a humble retainer of the family, and with her he remained for a few weeks, until he could be sent, disguised as a peasant, under the charge of a pedlar, to Havre, where his sister was residing. On reaching the latter place he was told that his sister and her husband had gone to Paris to try and obtain the release of the Marquis, and then had left for England, after the example of many French families. Babette had sent Raoul to her brother, a fisherman at Havre, and he, unwilling to keep the boy, took him across to the English coast, confiding him to the care of a priest at Southampton, who did his best to find his relatives. The search proved fruitless; the priest, hearing a report that they too had been arrested and had lost their lives on the scaffold, induced an upholsterer named Stubbs, who had a good business at Southampton, to adopt the boy, to educate him and take him into his workshop. Raoul lived happily with his new friends, although their rank in life was very different to his own, and his aristocratic appearance harmonized ill with his employment. In course of time he married the daughter of the house, and the old people, having realized a considerable sum of money, retired from the business, which they made over to their children.

The death of his father upon the scaffold, and the supposed fate of his sister, filled Raoul with a violent hatred to his native country. He had no wish to return to it, or when peace was restored, to lay claim to the property which was his by right. Content to remain in the position in which God had placed him, he had no ambition beyond doing his duty towards the true and loving friends to whom he owed everything in life. At length, when fifty-six years had passed by since the little forlorn French boy had landed at Southampton, and he, now an old

man of sixty-eight, had retired from business and had the sorrow of losing his only son, his thoughts turned once more to the land of his birth.

There was his grandson, another Raoul, with the same curling chestnut hair and brown eyes of the Raoul of fifty-six years ago, who was now twelve years old, and a source of ever-increasing interest to his grandfather. He determined to tell the boy his story, and bring him up to the idea that some day he might be able to claim the title of Marquis de Bérignan, to which he would be entitled after his grandfather's death.

Time had dulled those feelings of animosity towards his country which he had conceived in his childhood and had carried on through his youth and manhood up to the time of his son's death, so that he was anxious now to see his grandson occupy that position which would have been his had it not been for the events of the terrible Revolution which had deprived him both of rank and property. (pp. 92, 93.)

Whilst describing the castle where he passed his childhood to his delighted grandchildren, the old man told them of a large picture among the family portraits on the staircase, representing a remote ancestor who was a Crusader. There was an inscription beneath the picture: *Raoul de Bérignan part pour les Croisades*. By pressing the letter *o* of the word Raoul, a spring gave way, and revealed behind the picture a secret chamber in the wall. In that hiding-place the old house steward had secreted the family plate and valuables, on the day that the Marquis had been dragged to prison, and had charged Raoul not to forget this, should he ever return to his home. The estate had been given by Napoleon I. to one of his generals, but the old man doubted whether the secret chamber had been discovered, and told his grandson, when he grew up to manhood he must visit the old place, and try to learn whether it still existed. This he did some years later, and having made the acquaintance of the family into whose hands the estate had passed, found the chamber and its contents as they had been left more than sixty years ago. He heard also that his grand-aunt had escaped the guillotine, and was still living. The scene when he first sees the aged lady is prettily described, as also her meeting with the brother she had long mourned as dead. With his wife and grand-daughter he journeys to France to see her once more, and to revisit the home of his forefathers. When the reader is told that the present owner of the Castle Mioubert has a charming daughter, an only child, who will inherit her

father's property, it does not require much ingenuity to divine by what means the title and estates of the Marquis de Bérignan again become united. But how this comes about, we leave the reader to find out for himself. This narrative, which Mrs. Corballis relates in a quiet unpretending style, bears the stamp of truth; there is no doubt that the characters depicted are real personages, and that the events recorded belong to history rather than to fiction. This fact gives additional value to a thoroughly interesting and agreeable story.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

UNDER the title *L'Extase de Marie ou Le Magnificat*,¹ Father Deidier, a Missionary of the Sacred Heart, has added one more to the very numerous commentaries on the great hymn of the Incarnation, the inspired song of Mary. The little book is not, however, so much a commentary as a pious meditation upon words which by their spiritual intensity are fitted not only for constant use in all ages of the Christian Church, but for ever fresh adaptation to the various phases of devotion which succeed each other in the Church's life. Mary's own burst of inspired poetry is based on older words which had been familiar to her from infancy, and which are transfigured by her into a sublime expression of that stupendous mystery which fills her grateful soul with wonder and with joy. It is then hardly strange that there should be no aspect of that mystery, and no corresponding state of exultant praise, of which our Lady's verses are not a suitable expression. Whoever reads Father Deidier's little book will see the closeness of the connection which exists between them and that special devotion which has in recent days sprung up towards Mary under the title of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, and, as Leo XIII. has testified, been sanctioned by a multitude of prodigies.

Another little book of *Instructions for the Month of Mary and for the feasts of the Blessed Virgin*,² is also of French origin, but is brought out in very readable English form by an American priest. The Instructions are thirty-two in number, ranging over the principal mysteries of her mortal life, her death and Assumption into Heaven, and ending with very

¹ *L'Extase de Marie ou Le Magnificat*. Par le R. P. Deidier, Missionnaire du Sacré-Cœur. Paris: Téqui, 1892.

² *Thirty-two Instructions for the Month of Mary and for the feasts of the Blessed Virgin*. From the French. By the Rev. Thomas F. Ward, Church of St. Charles Borromeo, Brooklyn, New York. Benziger Brothers, 1892.

practical Instructions on devotion to our Lady in general, and on two of its special forms, the Rosary and the Scapular of Mount Carmel. They are simple, methodical, exact in doctrine, and full of the genuine spirit of piety.

Father Clarke gives us two more of his little meditation books which have become so popular.¹ This time they are on the theological virtues—one on Faith and Hope, the other on Charity. They are clear and interesting statements of the theory and practice of these virtues, and a priest could hardly do better than take them as suggestions for a course of instructions. He would find material here to last him for a long time, to the great profit of his hearers. Of course they are primarily meant to be read and thought over in meditation.

The high reputation for learning whereby the sons of St. Benedict have at all times been distinguished, reached its apogee in France during the seventeenth century. At that time several smaller communities, offshoots of the parent stem, had been amalgamated into one Congregation under the title of St. Maur, which was formally approved and canonically established by a Bull of Pope Gregory XV. in 1621. Foremost amongst the galaxy of illustrious men who adorned this new Congregation was Jean Mabillon, whose portrait Father Bäumer, a member of the well-known community of Beuron, delineates in the volume before us.² Equally eminent for piety and erudition, Mabillon enriched the religious world by his literary works, which were numerous and profound, and took an active part in the controversies of the day. Exception was taken by some persons, of whom the clever and brilliant De Rancé was one, at the zeal wherewith studies of all kinds, historical, liturgical, exegetical, scientific, were prosecuted by the monks of St. Germain, the house of which Mabillon was an inmate for fifty-four years. He undertook to answer the attack; and in his *Traité des Études Monastiques* proved triumphantly that the pursuit of learning was not, as his opponents asserted, prejudicial to the life of spiritual perfection to which the monks aspired, but, on the contrary, was beneficial to it. The Rule of St. Benedict, the number of men of known sanctity who had attained celebrity in the world of letters, monastic tradition in

¹ *Faith and Hope*. Meditations for a Month. By Richard F. Clarke, S.J. *Charity*. Meditations for a Month. By the same. London: Catholic Truth Society.

² *Johannes Mabillon*. Ein Lebens und Literaturbild aus dem XVII. und XVIII. Jahrhundert. Von P. Suitbert Bäumer, O.S.B. Augsburg, 1892.

the East and West, all served to demonstrate that scientific studies were desirable, nay, necessary to the religious life. This treatise further considered what studies were most suited for monks, what should be the method, and what the aim of their studies. His principal works were the *Acta Sanctorum Ordinis S. Benedicti* (nine folio volumes), to collect the material for which Mabillon travelled a great deal, and the *Annales Ordinis S. Benedicti*, six folio volumes, published shortly before his death, a mine of erudition, in which the questions agitated at that time are thoroughly discussed and conclusively decided. Mabillon rendered great services to his Order by his exertions in reviving the religious spirit in his own and other communities and in restoring the primitive observance, by the example of his piety, and the oral instructions he delivered to the monks. In addition to this he laboured for the edification of the whole body of Christ, for the glory of God and the good of the Church, in loyal obedience to the Holy See.

We welcome the second edition of Father Gavin's *Manual for the use of the Sodality of our Lady*.¹ It carries the greater weight on account of the signal success of its author as Director of the Sodality attached to the church at Farm Street. The steady increase in the numbers of this Sodality, and the large proportion of Sodalists who attend regularly at its weekly meetings and monthly Communions, is a most encouraging feature in the Catholic life of London, and is owing in great measure to the devoted zeal of its Director. The new edition of the *Manual* is substantially the same as the first, but the present arrangement of its contents is a distinct improvement. The first edition has long been out of print, and we hope that the second may soon be followed by a third.

Father Bridgett has kindly allowed his little paper on the Rood of Boxley to be reprinted from his *Blunders and Forgeries* and form a number in the *Historical Series*.² This will bring within the reach of a large number of people a very serviceable exposure of a cherished Reformation myth. Every good Protestant has read of the scene at Paul's Cross in 1538, when Hilsey, the first apostate Bishop of Rochester, showed to his astonished hearers how they had been deceived by the Rood of

¹ *Manual for the use of the Sodality of our Lady*, affiliated to the *Prima Primaria*. By the Rev. M. Gavin, S.J.

² *Historical Papers*. Edited by the Rev. John Morris, S.J. No. IX. *The Rood of Boxley, or How a Lie Grows*. By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.S.S.R. London: Catholic Truth Society.

Boxley, in Kent, a crucifix "made with divers wires to move the eyes and lips," and how, when the sermon was over, this instrument of pious trickery was broken to pieces by the indignant populace. The story has been repeated in every English history from Stowe to Froude, and piously believed. But Father Bridgett has proved, with his usual conclusiveness, that the maligned image was meant for pageantry only, and that there is no proof at all that it had ever been used, or could have been used, for purposes of deception. The exposure will be very welcome to Catholics and sensible people generally, but the Appendix which Father Bridgett has been constrained to add in criticism of a certain Mr. Cave Browne shows that the fable will continue to live in some quarters.

Father Loughnan's *Huguenots* will have convinced honest readers that whatever further verdict may have to be passed on the authors of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, at least they acted under the very strongest provocation, and were not worse in their cruelty and wickedness than the Huguenots whom they slew. *Quelques scélérats firent périr quelques scélérats*, is Joseph de Maistre's judgment on the massacre, and after reading Father Loughnan's *St. Bartholomew's Day, 1572*,¹ we feel that it is the judgment of truth. Father Loughnan makes it clear that the massacre was not premeditated, that neither the French ecclesiastics nor the Pope had any part in it, and that the rejoicings at Rome over the event were held under a false impression of its nature. As for the French clergy, according to Fleury, "the clergy, in spite of all the ill-usage they had received from the heretics, saved as many of them as they could in various places."

Mrs. Ward has added, in the *Life of St. Anselm*,² a very useful addition to the Biographies of the Catholic Truth Society. She naturally follows in the steps of Mr. Rule, and quotes from him in more passages than one. The Saint is one to whom special interest attaches as sharing with St. Thomas the championship of the Church against the encroachments and usurpations of the Crown. The details of the Life seem to us well selected, and it puts before us a clear picture of the relations of the ecclesiastic and civil power in the days of William the Red.

¹ *Historical Papers*. Edited by the Rev. John Morris, S.J. No. VIII. *St. Bartholomew's Day, 1572*. By the Rev. William Loughnan, S.J. London: Catholic Truth Society.

² *Life of St. Anselm*. By Mrs. Ward. London: Catholic Truth Society.
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We are glad to see that the *Life of the holy Archbishop of Milan*, edited by Mr. Healy Thompson some years since, has reached a second edition.¹ Religious biographies have not in general as large a circulation as we could desire, and the life of St. Charles Borromeo is one so full of practical interest and of remarkable incident, that every attempt to make it better known deserves all possible encouragement. The *Life* before us is carefully and judiciously written, and gives a sketch of the condition of Italy in the tenth century, that makes it less difficult to understand the inroads made by the Reformation on Catholic Europe. If our readers are not acquainted with the splendid reforms wrought by St. Charles, and with the record of his personal holiness, we strongly advise them to buy and read this *Life*. If they have already studied it, they will need no further advice from us to induce them to make it known to others.

Among the Irish martyrs Archbishop O'Hurley is not as well known as he ought to be, and there are even Irishmen who are ignorant of the tortures and cruel death that he suffered for the faith. Dean Kinane has therefore done a good work in publishing a brief *Life*² of this illustrious martyr. The special form of torture that is connected with his name was that called "the boots." His legs were forced into long tin boots filled with oil, butter, and lime. He was then placed in the stocks, his legs, encased in the boots, projecting on the other side. A fire was then kindled under the boots until the greasy compound within literally boiled, so that the skin and pieces of flesh came off, leaving the shin-bone bare. What must have been the agony to the sufferer, our readers may imagine. Meantime he kept repeating, *Jesu, miserere mei*, and his face is said to have shone with heavenly joy. Three days afterwards he was hanged, beheaded, and quartered on Stephen's Green. Some Protestant historians have called the story of Dr. O'Hurley's torture an apocryphal narrative, but it is fully established by a letter quoted by Dean Kinane from the Lords Justices to Sir Francis Walsingham. We hope that this brief account of the martyr may cause him to be better known among English speaking Catholics all the world over.

¹ *Life of St. Charles Borromeo*. Edited by E. H. Thompson, M.A. Second Edition. London: Burns and Oates, Limited.

² *The Life of Dr. O'Hurley*, Archbishop of Cashel. By the Very Rev. Dean Kinane, P.P., V.G. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1893.

A new edition of Abbé Bougaud's *Life of St. Monica*¹ is a welcome sight, since the fact that it is called for proves that it is appreciated in its English form by the readers of Catholic biography. No words of ours are needed to recommend this well-known and delightful book, in which the companion figure of St. Augustine gives additional attraction to the portrait placed before us of his sweet and holy mother. His genius and sanctity give greater lustre to her piety and virtue, for was not his faith the fruit and the reward of her prayers, her patience, her maternal solicitude? Although this book will please and edify all readers, it is especially intended to guide, strengthen, and console the Christian mother, to teach her how much may be done by prayer, to lead her to love the souls of her children with an exalted, a courageous, an unselfish love, after the example of the Saint whose touching history it records.

St. Thomas of Aquin² is more prominent than ever in the mind and heart of the Catholic student of philosophy and theology on account of the strong impulse given by the Holy Father to the study of his writings and the adoption of his teaching. It was time that the angel of the schools, the prince of theologians, the divinely inspired expositor of the mysteries of God, should become more widely known among English-speaking Catholics. The story commonly believed that in his youth he was deficient in ability and received his commanding talent by a miraculous gift from God, seems from the account given in the present *Life* to be untrue. It is founded on the name of the "Dumb Ox," which he received from his companions, and which was based, not on any supposed want of ability, but on his continual silence, his portly figure, and tall stature. He was from the first singularly talented, though no talent could have accomplished this work without special grace and inspiration from Almighty God. The story of our Lord's words of commendation to him, "Well hast thou written of Me, O Thomas!" are so certain, that Cardinal Lugo tells us that it would be temerarious to deny them. It was fitting that the Catholic Truth Society should spread abroad the greatest and most profound teacher of religious truth that the world has seen since the days of the Apostles.

¹ *The Life of St. Monica.* By M. l'Abbé Bougaud. Translated by Mrs. Edward Hazeland. New Edition. London and Leamington: Art and Book Company, 1892.

² *St. Thomas Aquinas.* London: Catholic Truth Society.

Many a Catholic regrets that he is unable to understand the Latin prayers, hymns, and lessons of Missal and Breviary. He is frightened at the thought of commencing to work through an ordinary Latin grammar, and wants something more simple to make his footsteps along the classical road more easy. This want is excellently supplied by Mr. Conder's *Primer of Church Latin*.¹ It contains a concise accidence, a few easy rules of syntax, a number of very useful exercises, and a vocabulary. We recommend it to ladies who desire to know just enough Latin to follow the Latin prayers or to recite the Office. It is not full enough for any but the beginner, but there are so many Catholics who are not even beginners in Latin, that the attempt to break ground for them is much to be applauded.

Contributions to the solution of the Irish Question are frequent nowadays, and Sir Nathaniel Barnaby has written on the spot, a pamphlet,² which is interesting, well meant, and certainly original. He rushes into the subject with a knowledge of what he is writing about that is of the faintest, and though he may be an admirable judge how to build ships, he certainly is not an admirable judge how to remedy the woes of Ireland. After describing the misery of a poor tenant near Clifden, he asks, "Why is it that such dirt, darkness, and untidiness are not seen to be a sin against God? What hope is there for Ireland when the eyes of the Catholic clergy are holden so that they cannot see the degradation of life which is bound up with this dirt and squalor? Oh, for a generation of Catholic women, knowing English ways, to replace some of these blind Irish bachelors in the parishes! I dare not suggest that they might be in Holy Orders. I would, however, venture to say that it is not for Latin theologians to descry any unfitness in women for this dignity, when they exalt the young Syrian woman who gave birth to our Lord to the position she holds in Catholic worship." (p. 16.) We need not discuss this curious production farther. We will only remark that the writer got hold of some manual of Confession, and when he rose from the study of it, he tells us that he wished he had not undertaken to write on the Irish Question. We are inclined to join in his wish, and to express a regret that the manual did not do its work more effectively.

¹ *The Primer of Church Latin*. By René F. R. Conder, B.A. Oxon. London: Burns and Oates, Limited.

² *Christmas 1892 in Connaught*. A Study of the Irish Question. By Sir Nathaniel Barnaby, K.C.B. London: E. Marlborough and Co.

We are often perplexed at the strange way in which our Protestant fellow-countrymen misconceive our doctrines and practices, and find in them enormities which we certainly have never been conscious of. To us they seem, one and all, to be not only clearly revealed and ordained by God, but to be exactly what one would have expected God to reveal and ordain, so manifestly do they correspond with the facts and the needs of our nature. Father Bridgett has had the happy thought of collecting some passages, in prose and poetry, from well-known Protestant writers, in no sense suspect of Catholic leanings, in which they are found to render unconscious testimony to the natural propriety and attractiveness of these self-same doctrines and practices. This Father Bridgett suitably calls, after Tertullian, a "proof that the soul is naturally Catholic." The subjects illustrated in this manner are confession, prayers to saints, and the use of holy images. The book is called *A Flag of Truce*,¹ because it tends to convince well-disposed Protestants that the difference between them and us is not so much as they imagine.

*Christopher Columbus*² is little else than a reprint of book ii. of Robertson's *America*, supplemented by some passages transcribed from Washington Irving's *Columbus*. No acknowledgment is made of the sources from which it is taken, and the reader is given to understand that the author is the individual whose name appears on the title-page. Many copyist's and compositor's errors have crept into the text, and in some cases the compiler (or rather the copyist) has thought fit to change the grammatical construction of some of the sentences, and generally for the worse. The only passage in the book which we wish had been omitted occurs in the middle of an extract from Irving, but is not in the edition of that writer's *Columbus* which we have consulted. We are accustomed to "bookmaking" in the present day, but we cannot understand how an authoress can feel justified in giving her name to a book put together after the fashion of the present volume.

The island of Tsong-ming, situated amidst shifting sands in the estuary of the Yang-tse-kiang, or Blue River, and said to be the largest alluvial island in the world, forms the subject of

¹ *A Flag of Truce, or Must we fight for ever?* By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.S.S.R. London: Catholic Truth Society.

² *Christopher Columbus*. By Mariana Monteiro. (Heroes of the Cross Series.) London: Hodges.

a monograph by one of the Jesuit Fathers of the mission of Shanghai.¹ The object of this essay, which is of considerable typographical, historical, and economic interest, is to give an accurate and truthful account of this portion of the Chinese Empire, concerning which most incorrect statements have been made by travellers. It is compiled from the official documents published under the supervision of local authorities; these chronicles, issued regularly throughout the whole of the land, are of great value to one who studies the development of the nation, the productions and resources of the country. Père Havret gives a detailed account of the former and present state of the island, the period and manner of its formation, the vicissitudes it has passed through, the changes superficial and otherwise it has undergone, the race that colonized it, the condition, habits, language, and form of government of its inhabitants. A large proportion of the population, as well as of that of the neighbouring peninsula Hai-man, are Catholics, the descendants of the first Christians of Tsong-ming, converted by Jesuit missionaries in the seventeenth century. This pamphlet contains some curious and amusing pictures of the island, of the salt manufactures and cotton-fields; also of a naval review held on the waters of the Kiang.

¹ *L'île de Tsong-ming, à l'embouchure du Yang-tse-Kiang.* Par le P. Henri Havret, S.J. Chang-hai: Imprimerie de la mission Catholique, 1892.

II.—MAGAZINES.

In a former number of the *Études*, Father Abt brought forward irrefragable evidence to prove that the aim of the Freemasons of France is the destruction of the Catholic Church in the country, and the eradication from its soil of all religious faith. In the current number he demonstrates that for the last fifteen years the French Government has been an instrument in the hands of the Grand Orient for the servile accomplishment of its schemes and carrying out its programme of action. The influence exercised by the moon upon the weather has from time immemorial been a matter of popular belief. The recent development of metereological science has not enabled the scientist to verify this opinion, by determining definitely the laws regulating the action of this cold luminary, or the times at which its influence is apparent. Father de Joannis, after examining the subject at some length, concludes that the belief in question has no foundation in fact, but must be regarded as a relic of astrology. In a second article on the materialistic theory of the Italian Lombroso respecting the irresponsibility of the criminal, Father Martin shows that no step has been made towards solving the problem of crime, since this theory, instead of explaining it, denies its existence. There is no radical physical difference between the virtuous man and the malefactor; all have the same instincts and passions, but all do not know how to dominate them. Father Prélôt writes on the subject of Associations, and the immense value to society of which they have been in the past and may be in the present, if not hampered by unjust restrictions or organized for ambitious designs. He specifies those which are formed for the purpose of defending the rights and ameliorating the condition of the working classes, and deplures that they are no longer instrumental in furthering social order and tranquillity, individual liberty and prosperity. Father Brucker adds "a few words more on the Biblical question," treated by him greatly to the instruction and edification of the reader in the preceding issue of the *Études*. He explains satisfactorily the decree of the Council of Trent, which restrains private interpretation of Holy Scripture, and declares the necessity, where matters of faith and

morals are concerned, of adherence to the interpretation of the Church, and the consensus of the Fathers.

In the *Katholik* for April, the notice is concluded of the verses, epigrams, and lyric poems composed by the Holy Father at various occasions and on various subjects, religious or otherwise. Extracts from these are given, some in the original Latin, others in a German translation; they show Leo XIII. to be both an accomplished scholar and a man of deep feeling, high intellect, and sanctity of no common order. The publication of a book suggesting the manner in which the Manual of Religious Instruction, authoritatively issued by the Bavarian Bishops for use in the schools under their jurisdiction, may be generally employed in the gymnasiums of Germany, elicits comment in the pages of the *Katholik*. The systematic alterations proposed by the author are discussed, and the tone of adverse criticism he adopts towards the Manual is reprobated. Dr. Schmid submits to careful scrutiny a monograph on Œcumenical Councils, purporting to be of a strictly historical character, and to occupy itself exclusively with the question who in ancient times had the right of summoning Councils, in which, however, much of dogmatic interest and importance is involved. Dr. Schiffers revives the discussion respecting the distance of Emmaus from Jerusalem, and the possibility that the disciples could have walked thither and back between noon and midnight. In this first instalment of his essay, he maintains that Cleophas and his companion were returning to their homes after the Paschal feast when they were joined by our Lord, and that they had left Jerusalem at an early hour of the morning. The *Katholik* calls attention to the discovery of some fragments of a Gospel and Apocalypse, dating from the second century, falsely attributed to St. Peter, which have been already noticed in our pages. The *Katholik* regards them as of considerable value, inasmuch as they afford testimony to the beliefs of early Christians on certain points of dogma and ecclesiastical history.

